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NEW STATESMAN
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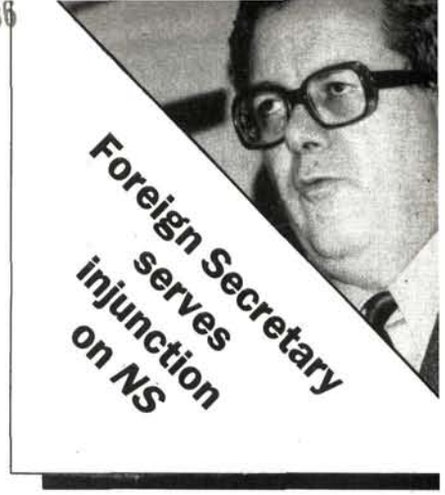
Peter Kellner: the first draft of Thatcher's speech
What *is* social ownership; Class war on the rich
Lewis Nkosi: South African book boycott



Foreign Secretary serves injunction on *NS*

THE PROTESTANT BACKLASH

'The Anglo Irish Agreement is providing a resurgence of mob violence, sectarian murder and intimidation'

Photo: Camera Press

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"It's incredible how someone who's such a fat slob can write so tenderly." MARK WALLINGTON ON CLIVE JAMES

"About as intimate as a correspondence course in company law..." ON PEABO BRYSON

"Without in any way wishing to disparage the creative efforts of Noseflutes, from Worcestershire, it must be said that their astringent potion of punk rock played backwards rapidly palls." ON NOSEFLUTES

"Their new single Live And Die stands out like a sherry drinker in the Pig and Firkin." ON OMD

"We were going to form a group called Hair, Nose & Teeth once." ROD STEWART ON ELTON JOHN AND FREDDIE MERCURY

"You get all this horrible stuff written in green ink by somebody who grips the pen with both hands." BARRY NORMAN ON HATE MAIL

"Every pop musician is a thief and a magpie. No music really belongs to anybody. I'll use any bloody music. I don't have respect in that sense." ELVIS COSTELLO

"Actually taking a sound off someone's record and putting it onto another, to me that is theft." GEORGE MICHAEL

"I did order a trained vulture for the movie, but it didn't arrive." ALEX COX ON STRAIGHT TO HELL

"It'll cost you £50 a week or more, but it's worth it to be able to answer the question, 'It's a terrible line; where are you calling from?' with the words 'The M25,' or to deliberately ex-communicate tiresome callers by steering for the nearest tunnel." ON CAR PHONES

"If I'd been managing The Beatles, I'd have told them instead of playing Shea Stadium, let's do a week of dates in the field where Buddy Holly's plane crashed." BILL DRUMMOND, EX-MANAGER OF ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

"What is nouvelle cuisine anyway?" PEDRO GILL OF FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

"Being a blues singer is like being black two times." B.B.KING

"A florid, mid-tempo rock thing which even Roy Hattersley's tailor couldn't camouflage." ON TWO MINDS CRACK

PEARLS OF WISDOM, SPARKS OF TRUTH, FLASHES OF WIT AND THE LETTER Q.

"When Rupert Murdoch, Richard Branson and Saatchi and Saatchi announce that they want to change your life, you can be sure that it is not the health of your annual pre-tax profits that is uppermost in their minds." ON SATELLITE TV

"I'm not interested in hits. I'm more concerned about losing touch with my generation." PAUL SIMON

"Joe Strummer went to great lengths to live out his role. This extended to wearing his costume night and day for a month and sleeping on the set in the back of an old American Ford." ON STRAIGHT TO HELL

"Some very bleak tales of love, death and the American motorway system." ON ALAN VEGA OF SUICIDE

"Rather like the battered one-eared teddy bear at the bottom of the toy box that everyone's tired of playing with." ON NICK HEYWARD

"The Chrissie Hynde Story is not a pretty picture." CHRISSIE HYNDE

"No one on a movie screen can ever have looked quite as convincingly soaked to the skin as Jeremy Irons does, lost somewhere in the jungle at the start of the film." ON THE MISSION

"Despite Larry Blackmon's penchant for S&M lyrics and Baddus Muthafusticus posturing, Cameo are the slickest thing out." ON CAMEO

"If you get a bunch of actors together you've got a group of narcissi beating each other to death." BARRY NORMAN

"Q magazine is the modern guide to music and more. This month's issue is available at your newsagents now." DAVID HEPWORTH

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NEW STATESMAN

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NEXT WEEK

The United States' administration has declared open war on drugs: Britain is following suit. But is there any hope of victory? And what is being made war *on*? Next week's *New Statesman* reports

A right to publish

WE HAD PLANNED to publish in this issue the text of a valedictory despatch written by Sir James Craig (right), the former Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, to Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, when the former ended his tour of duty in June 1984. The Foreign Secretary has sought an injunction against publication, and on Wednesday Mr Justice Savill granted that injunction.

Craig's valedictory is a fascinating document. Its publication — which we are now seeking to ensure — would allow readers to see not just what the higher reaches of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office really think of our closest Middle East ally and trading partner, but also to glimpse a Foreign Office culture which seems more set in the early years of the 20th century than in the last quarter of it.

It is at once acute and disdainful (of British as well as Saudi society), panoramic and arrogant. Its publication is certainly in the public interest. There is no reason whatsoever why we should not know what public servants we pay and politicians we elect write to each other about a country whose economic power over our lives is as great as Saudi Arabia's is. Sir James Craig is one of the most respected Arabists in the country, and director general of the influential and semi-official Middle East Association, director of the Saudi-British Bank and special advisor on the Middle East to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. He has just been made chairman of the Saudi British Society, established to improve relations between the two countries. His views demand wider dissemination, whether they are 'right' or 'wrong'.

In preparing publication of the document, we were careful to check its authenticity: we interviewed Sir James last week, and made it clear to him that we had seen the document. He was, in his words, 'phased' that we had seen it — the more so since he had, in the course of the interview given before he was told of our knowledge of his despatch, described Saudi society in rather different terms from those used in that despatch.

The essence of the document's importance is not that it says something different from the public bland statements and formal courtesies which the public is allowed to see: all officialdom has a public and private world. It is that we should be *allowed*, having obtained the document by reasonable means and having taken every care to present it responsibly, to share a vitally important part of the private world with the public. □

Questions of morality

GOVERNMENT MINISTERS have shown real outrage in Bournemouth this week — over Labour's daring to lay claim to *morality*. Morality is mine, says the Conservative Party.

Morality? To countenance unemployment at a level of 15 per cent (if calculated without the benefit of half a dozen official adjustments downwards since 1979), jacked up to this level as a consequence of a war on inflation now being lost once more, and only temporarily won more as a fortuitous result of a tumbling of commodity prices in the world than by government rectitude?

Morality? To preside over a society which shows all the consequences of this blight — the decay of public provision; the ceaseless rise of desperate crime; the growing indifference to schooling and training on the part of a generation for whom it can mean little?

Morality? To displace the central responsibility for these effects on to a gallery of hate figures, most of them in London, whose failures are then deemed to be the cause of the very malaise government indifference, or policy, has created?

Morality? To pretend care for public services on which most people must depend simply to construct an electoral package — while encouraging a socially divisive private sector in health and education?

Morality? To have run down a manufacturing base which now looks as though it can barely recover to fill the gap soon to be left by the faltering revenues of North Sea oil — and still to blame for its debilitation workers and managers?

Morality? To pretend that defence commitments can be maintained from the Rhine to the Falklands, from Trident to Ptarmigan, and that all other strategies to halt the escalation of nuclear arsenals is the work of traitors?

Morality? To assist the rich in their wealth and enjoin the poor to lower their wages?

Morality? To create private monopolies from public ones and call it efficiency?

Morality? To define faith as the belief that the market will provide? To define hope as the desperate desire that a job will last? To define charity as the erratic impulse of the guilty rich? And to define freedom as the right of all to dine at the Ritz?

That is the morality the government ministers pledge themselves to defend. They do not deserve to lay claim to the word: they have been flouting the reality for seven lean years. On the 50th anniversary of the Jarrow Hunger March, let us remember, with the decay of its modern revisitation about us, where morality lies. □

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The curse of the *New Statesman*

The right-wing press have ill-temperedly fallen out among themselves over the obituary of Sir Robert Helpmann, the dancer, which appeared in *The Times* on 29 September. It attacked Helpmann as a 'proselytising' homosexual.

Last weekend's *Sunday Telegraph* (5 Oct) printed furious rebuttals of the allegation by among others Sir Frederick Ashton and Dame Ninette de Valois. This Tuesday *The Times* found itself obliged to print a protest letter in its own columns, criticising 'spiteful comments' in the obituary.

The Times can't say it wasn't warned. By us on 11 April, when the entire 'quality' press failed to do justice to the influence of homosexual culture on the musical career of Sir Peter Pears. Andrew Lumsden wrote here that:

'The benchmark of the modern lying obituary about homosexuals was the lengthy *Times* notice on the death of novelist Mary Renault in 1983 [which] derided her career without any disclosure of the entirely well-known truth that the dead woman had been lesbian'.

The battle for truthful quality press obituaries about known homosexuals honoured by colleagues and/or Queen and country isn't, however, getting much assistance from Robert Helpmann's friends, despite their anguish about the behaviour of *The Times*. One and all they're demanding that Helpmann's homosexuality shouldn't have been mentioned *at all*. In short, that a nonsense be made of much of the nature and context of his gift. ●

That old black magic

In Leamington Spa we have uncovered a plot to assassinate Margaret Hilda Thatcher. That it's by means of black magic seems appropriate if lunatic.

But Martin Saunders, creator of the 'Maggie Cursing-Kit' (available by mail order) is no lunatic. He's an entrepreneur who says he's been refused an enterprise allowance because he hates telling lies, and he would have needed to conceal the political nature of his venture. This consists of a card, suitable for mailing with a cutout 'voodoo' doll and three pins complete with detailed instructions as to effective use. Does he believe in magic? Yes, he says: especially the kind which can sell three pins and a card for £2.30. His politics 'depend on who he's with at the time', but he says he wouldn't be remorseful if the lady dies unless sales slumped. He plans a Reagan Cursing-Kit, but not a Kinnock one because the man is not important enough. Thatcher is already a totem figure, says Martin, and she would approve of his attempt to employ himself usefully. He also stated *anything* which made politicians more accountable to the electorate had to be worthy. When we suggested that if this kind of thing caught on, protective amulets would be needed to counter the evil, he excitedly rushed off to begin the design. ●

OK Norman?

Joe Ashton spitting blood: BBC *Breakfast Time* had fixed for Julian Critchley to report on Labour conference, for an alternative view, but Critchley bottled out at last minute. Now 'for reasons of balance', BBC have told Ashton, booked to do the equivalent on the Tories, that he can't do his either. ●

Bad housekeeping

Late news from the Labour Conference. Among the many flashy stalls to entice gullible delegates was one run by British Nuclear Fuels. On it was a selection of plutonium fuel rods — model ones, everyone was assured. But . . . at the end of the conference BNFL found they had one fewer rod than when they started. Which only goes to show: they're no better keeping track of model plutonium than the real thing. ●

Runcie's revenge

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PETER KELLNER

What Maggie would say if she swallowed a truth drug

SECURITY at this week's Conservative Party conference at Bournemouth is not as good as it should be. Otherwise, I should not have been able to lay my hands on an early draft of this Friday's speech by the Prime Minister. The copy I found had, apparently, been read by Mrs Thatcher and returned to her political office with the comment scrawled across the top of the front page: 'I know I asked for a candid speech: but not *this* candid. Try again. MT'. This is what the draft said.

'During the past twelve months the government has achieved a great deal. Inflation is at its lowest level for almost 20 years. Output is at an all-time record. The standard rate of income tax has been cut. We succeeded in abolishing the Greater London Council and consigning Ken Livingstone to obscurity. Our trade union laws are working, which is more than can be said for those of that moaning minny, Ted Heath.

You would have thought the voters would be grateful for all we have done. Yet we have lagged behind Labour in almost every opinion poll this year, and lost three of the four seats we have had to defend at by-elections since July last year. We all know that deep disillusion has set in among many of the electors whose votes we need if we are to win a third term. We have given them 2.5 per cent inflation, and what do the fools do? Go and vote Labour or Alliance.

What has gone wrong? A number of one-off events haven't helped. Michael's and Leon's resignations over Westland; the American bombing raid on Libya; my arguments with Geoffrey over sanctions against South Africa.

THEN THERE have been those misjudgments we could all have done without. We bungled the teachers' dispute, for example, and underestimated parents' support for the teachers. If more of us had children at state schools, we might have noticed the public mood earlier.

We relied too much on statistics that said we had the best teacher-pupil ratio ever. We ignored the fact that perceptions matter more than figures. A recent Harris Poll for BBC TV's *This Week Next Week* found that 62 per cent think education standards have got worse since we came to power, while only 6 per cent think they have improved.

The same point applies to the health service. Sixty-seven per cent think the NHS has deteriorated during the past seven years, while only 8 per cent think it provides a better service. Our claims that the NHS employs more doctors and nurses than ever before are not believed. Why? Because our message lacks conviction. And one of the reasons for this lies in our own behaviour. Most of us avoid the NHS whenever we can. We think private medicine is wonderful; for us waiting lists are statistics that apply to others.

We could have weathered all these storms, however, had our policies on the economy been working, and our plans to create a free-market society been bearing fruit. Our real problem is that most of the policies that matter most are either not working or not happening.

Take inflation. We claim it as a success for our policies, but it is nothing of the kind. World commodity prices have fallen sharply during the past two years — oil is the most spectacular but not the only example. We have more than three million people out of work. It is those two factors that have brought inflation down, rather than anything we can take credit for. Besides, the underlying rate of inflation is nearer 4 per cent and rising. With pay settlements running at more than 7 per cent a year and sterling under pressure, it could be back nearer 5 per cent by next summer.

'Our real problem is that the policies that matter most are either not working or not happening'

That's not all the bad economic news. Nigel tried hard to prevent a sterling crisis, not just to prevent one blowing up during this week's party conference, but because interest rates are far too high already. They are far higher than in Germany, Japan or the US; these days it is virtually impossible for anyone to borrow money at a rate less than 10 per cent above inflation. That's the highest real rate of interest in modern times. So much for our promise to help small businesses — those that have to borrow to expand.

PERSONALLY, I blame the Treasury. It never did believe in what we were doing, and finally it got its way. A few months ago we jettisoned the cornerstone of our original anti-inflation policy. Our 1979 manifesto stated: "To master inflation, proper monetary discipline is essential, with publicly stated targets for the rate of growth of money supply". Our main indicate was sterling M3. Yet year after year it overshot its target. Last autumn, in his Mansion House speech, Nigel finally admitted it was out of control. This year's "target" for M3 is a growth rate of 11-15 per cent — on top of a 15 per cent growth during the 12 months to March. In fact, even after this week's figures, M3 is likely to grow by 18 per cent this year.

Seven years ago we should have said it was impossible to endure such M3 figures and get inflation below 3 per cent. Today we are older and wiser — and we have said farewell to any recognisable form of monetarism.

That is one example of a more general listlessness in the government. I came to power determined to change the "realities" of the post-war economic and social consensus. Those realities are now biting back, and the Cabinet is running scared.

For example, I have long wanted to shake up the country's tax and benefits system in order to generate a greater free enterprise culture. This means reducing handouts to the poor and tax shelters for the rich. We have made hardly any progress. Norman's social security review will save only peanuts. And Nigel has been unable to do anything about the two great middle-class privileges. Those of you in this room on the top rate of tax with a £30,000 mortgage and paying £10,000 a year into an occupational pension receive almost £8,000 a year in tax reliefs. We had to choose between being true to our principles and being true to our friends; we've made our choice.

MUCH THE SAME fate has befallen three other plans we had for transferring choices and resources from the state to individuals: school vouchers, student grants and rating reform. However sensible each has appeared on first inspection, we have been told that they are impractical, or too expensive, or unpopular with our voters — or some combination of all three. So we have done nothing. Don't be misled by the promises of radical new measures that you have heard this week. Most are wildly impractical. Even if they appear in our manifesto, and even if we are re-elected, I won't stick around long enough to try to implement them — and you can bet your last TSB share that my successor won't even try.

Then there are various entrenched interests that we ought to tackle but dare not. As soon as we set up an inquiry to look at the BBC, the whole weight of the pro-corporation establishment bore down on us, and on Prof Peacock's team. The status quo won and we lost. I was even stopped from making Lord King chairman. We haven't dared even to mount an inquiry into the other great middle-class rip-offs — the professions. Doctors, lawyers, architects, accountants: their (and in many cases *your*) archaic, restrictive practices remain unsullied by legislation.

Even where we have pushed "liberalising" legislation through, the impact has been either minimal or perverse. The abolition of the metropolitan counties has saved us no money. Ratecapping was fought to a messy draw at best. The deregulation of rural bus services has wobbled between farce and lunacy, and probably cost us the Ryedale by-election.

I had hoped to come before you today with something to brighten this gloomy picture. I regret I have no comfort to offer. The privatisation of the water boards has been postponed. The tax cuts Nigel was planning for next spring are far from certain. Even the Channel tunnel may not get off, or rather under, the ground.

The blunt truth is that Thatcherism is dead and my government has run out of steam. All we can do now to stay in power is to pretend we have fresh ideas, and to scare the daylights out of the voters about the dangers of a Labour government and the flabbiness of the Alliance. So as you return to your constituencies I want you to dream up some choice insults to hurl at our opponents. For many of you, it will be your only chance of keeping a Conservative MP after the next election.'

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Why were other newspapers so desperate to strangle us at birth?

ON THE MORNING OF TUESDAY 7th October a new newspaper called *The Independent* was born.

To survive in this rough old world it needed to emerge fully grown and quite capable of looking after itself.

We had no doubts. For not only did *The Independent* arrive already 30 days old (more of that later), but it had faced an unusually rough pregnancy to toughen it up (no jokes about going into labour: we're politically independent).

The Independent has not come into the world an only child, so to speak. It has taken its place in the family of daily newspapers known rather appropriately as The Heavies.

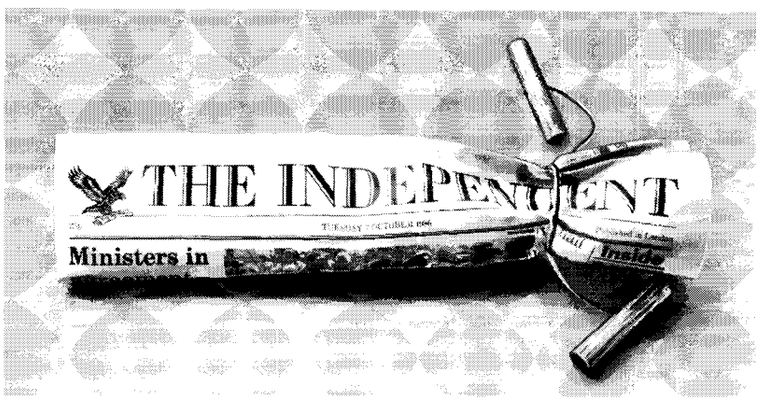
These siblings do appear to be rather unhappy about the new arrival, perhaps understandable since the previous birth in this family was 131 years ago. Quite simply they're rather scared our baby is going to get all the attention.

Certainly, someone was trying terribly hard and terribly unsuccessfully to prevent the birth of *The Independent* in the first place.

Only recently some of our journalists were offered their old jobs back on other papers with a 25% increase in their present pay. None went, of course.

Then we were prevented from using some of the newspaper distribution services used by all the other national papers. That didn't stop us either.

There was even an attempt to force us out of advertising on television. The 40 seconds slot during News at Ten that we wanted to use on the night before the launch usually goes for around £35,000 (yes, it is a lot of money, but a lot of intelligent people watch the news).



However, this particular piece of air-time had started to become very popular indeed. All of a sudden, there were a lot of people out there trying to advertise their papers at exactly the same time as ours. And since only one newspaper is allowed in each commercial break, the price was pushed up to a record £51,000.

Was it bullying, censorship or just good business? Whatever you call it we still came out bloodied but victorious.

Now you might well be thinking that all this skulduggery is just a bit extreme. After all, new papers have come and gone before, haven't they? Why is everyone so worried about this particular newspaper? Well, this one is different and the anxiety of the other papers only goes to prove it.

Remember the bit about *The Independent* emerging 30 days old? Here's the explanation. During the month or so before the launch we produced around 30 dummy issues, most of them complete except for readers' letters and share prices.

Many of these papers were sent to broadcasters, advertising agencies and research groups to gauge their reactions.

It's no surprise to find that the editors and proprietors of other newspapers managed to get their hands on a few copies as well. Little wonder that they were worried then. They'd seen *The Independent* long before it hit the newsstands.

Doubtless it did not escape their attention that *The Independent* was rather different from their own newspapers. For a start it's written by and for people who are dissatisfied with the daily papers available at the moment.

They'll also have recognised a good few writers on our paper as people they used to employ. The style of writing, though, they may not have recognised, as these journalists are now producing fact-driven copy unfettered by the need to toe a party line.

And they'll have noticed that we're producing a paper that complements television and radio news rather than just repeating it.

So are their fears about *The Independent* really justified? Now you can read it and decide for yourself.

The Independent. It is. Are you?

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The Protestant backlash is no longer a myth

The Anglo-Irish Agreement has stimulated a new wave of paramilitary terror in Northern Ireland. In a week in which British and Irish ministers begin to prepare an all-Ireland declaration of human rights, **PETER BROOKE** *reports from Belfast on the mood of the province*

TEN MONTHS after the signing of the Anglo Irish Agreement, there is little sign that any of the 200,000 or so people who filled the centre of Belfast to demonstrate against it have changed their minds. The government may argue that the recent spate of attacks on Catholics, the

'Equality of esteem'? Mrs Thatcher and Garret FitzGerald seal the deal on the Anglo-Irish Agreement, November 1985

Pacemaker Press

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resurgence in support for the old loyalist paramilitary groups, and the emergence of the Ulster Clubs as a new extremist grouping are all the work of a small proportion of the overall population.

But on the Unionist side at least, whatever divisions may be developing over tactics, there is no sign of any preparedness to accept the Agreement, or to negotiate while it is in force. The government, saying that it hopes to overcome the alienation of the minority, has succeeded in creating an alienation among the majority that is still virtually total.

Not that they have succeeded very far in reconciling the minority. Dick Spring, the Tanaiste, or Deputy Prime Minister in the Republic of Ireland, referred in a speech delivered on 12 July to 'the new-found respect and confidence of the minority community in Northern Ireland'. (The speech was given in North Kerry and was an attack on the opposition Fianna Fail — 'Soldiers of Destiny' — leader, Charles Haughey, for jeopardising the Agreement through his refusal to support the government in the divorce referendum.) But there have been few signs of this 'new-found respect and confidence' among Catholics in Northern Ireland. On the contrary, there is very great apprehension at the consequences of the present polarisation, resulting in the strange spectacle of Dr Joe Hendron, of the SDLP, calling for more RUC men on the streets of North Belfast.

It is difficult to see how the Catholic community benefits by the Agreement. According to John Hume, the SDLP's leader, generally thought to be its architect, it gives Catholics an 'equality of esteem'. This is because Catholics are assumed to owe some allegiance to the Dublin government. Yet, as Fr Brian Lennon, a Jesuit working as a curate in Portadown, comments: 'They buy English rather than Dublin newspapers. They know who the British Prime Minister is but they do not know who the President of the Irish Republic is. Their focus is simply not on the Republic of Ireland but on Northern Ireland, and in Northern Ireland British governmental institutions are obviously more prominent.'

Catholics in Northern Ireland may not dislike Peter Barry (the Republic's foreign Minister and co-chairman with Tom King of the Inter-governmental council) as intensely as Protestants do, but they show no particular affection for him, and do not appear to look on him as a natural protector. What support there is for the Agreement is related to the other side of Mr Hume's argument. Whatever benefits may or may not flow from it, the Unionists do not like it and it is good to see the government standing firm against the Unionists. John Hume was echoed recently by the SDLP chief whip Eddie McGrady, speaking at a fringe meeting at the SDP conference in Scarborough, urging them to stand by the Agreement because it is producing a most useful ferment of ideas among the Unionists.

New wave of terror

In this he is right, as we will see shortly; but it is also producing a resurgence of mob violence, sectarian murder and intimidation. Many people now remember the phrase often repeated by John Hume in the days before the rise of the Protestant paramilitaries: 'the Protestant backlash is a myth.'

For all the activity of the loyalist terror gangs in recent weeks — activities which will inevitably increase in scope and viciousness — most of the violence is still the work of the Provisional IRA. Fr Faul, the parish priest of Dungannon, pointed out earlier this month that since the Agreement had been signed, eight people had been killed by loyalists, one by the RUC, one by the army, and 33 by the Provisional IRA and INLA (these figures are now of course, out of date).

The recent spate of attacks and threats against Catholics working in Protestant areas followed the Provisional IRA's very successful policy of threatening firms who in any way supply the security forces. Company after company has been forced publicly to cancel contracts with the RUC and army. There can be little doubt that the chaos caused by the Agreement has been an enormous boost to IRA morale; while by opposing the Agreement, Provisional Sinn Fein can firmly attach the odium caused by the increased danger to ordinary Catholics on the SDLP.

It seems, then, that the effect of the Agreement on the Unionists is virtually the opposite to that which was intended. Leaving aside any secret intentions that may lie hidden in the Foreign Office, its obvious intention was to achieve the ambition Westminster governments have had since 1973 — to bring about a power-sharing devolved government in Northern Ireland, along the lines of the Executive which fell in 1974. The theory seems to have run as follows. All the main constitutional parties — the Nationalist SDLP, the Official Unionist Party led by James Molyneaux, the Democratic Unionist Party led by Ian Paisley, and the non-sectarian Alliance Party — want a devolved government. The Nationalists, however, will not agree to a devolved government unless they have a guaranteed share of power and the Southern government is represented in some way — two conditions that are unacceptable to the Unionists, who want a return to straight majority rule. The strength of the Unionists' position is that, although they would prefer to rule the country themselves, they do not mind being ruled by Westminster.

In fact, it has long been obvious to political commentators that James Molyneaux thinks that a return to a devolved government would be undesirable. So they can afford to be intransigent. They do not mind the status quo. Ian Paisley, by contrast, has wanted a devolved government very badly, and has therefore, despite his fire-eating reputation, been much more willing to enter into talks and negotiations of various sorts than his 'moderate' Official Unionist opponents. His supporters, however, are probably less urgent in their desire for a devolved government than he is himself.

WITH THE Anglo Irish Agreement in place, the Unionists no longer find the *status quo* bearable. An 'intergovernmental conference' has been established in which the Republic's government — which they see as an enemy government — is represented. It meets in secret and there is therefore no way of knowing to what extent the Republic's government is influencing policy in the virtually all-inclusive list of areas covered by the Agreement. The most obnoxious part of the SDLP's programme — the involvement of the Southern government — is now in place. To relieve themselves of this burden, so the argument goes, the Unionists may be willing to accept the less obnoxious part of the SDLP's programme — a guaranteed share of power for Nationalists.

'Equal citizenship'

In fact, although there are elements within the Unionist leadership who seem to be prepared to go down that road, most notably Frank Millar and Peter Smith, both important men in the Official Unionist Party, there is still no question of such a package being sold to the Unionist population at large. The change in Unionist thinking referred to by the SDLP's Eddie McGrady *is occurring* — but it is going off in almost the opposition direction. A rapidly growing body of Unionist opinion is looking towards a relative newcomer on the political scene, a man with few connections with traditional Unionism, Robert McCartney.

McCartney first made his name as a member of the Official Unionist Party prepared, publicly and vituperatively, to attack Ian Paisley, and to argue for the need to accommodate the Catholic and Nationalist traditions within Northern Ireland. He is reputedly the author of the Official Unionist policy statement, *The Way Forward*, which appeared just before the New Ireland Forum Report and was widely hailed, in particular in the House of Commons debate on the Forum Report, as a radical new development in Unionist thinking.

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The Nation against the State

THE NATIONAL FRONT has revealed that it plans to field candidates in Unionist strongholds in elections in Northern Ireland. With traditional Unionism experiencing an unprecedented identity crisis in the wake of the Anglo-Irish Agreement, the NF claims widespread support for its policy of an independent Ulster. Many Unionists are disillusioned at the failure of the mainly-constitutional strategy against the accord adopted by the two main Unionist parties.

The NF has been organising feverishly around the 'Ulster crisis' and several of the party's leaders have visited the North in recent months. The party's publications have ceased to call for Northern Ireland to remain part of the UK and now stress the need to sever the 'corrupt political link' with 'treacherous' Britain.

The clearest indication of the importance of the current situation in the North to the NF's overall strategy is the appointment of 26-year-old Londoner John Field, a member of the party's national directorate, as the Front's full-time liaison officer in Northern Ireland. Field's task is to turn the Front's patchy organisation in the North into a well-oiled electoral machine capable of winning seats in Loyalist strongholds.

In an interview last week with the unionist daily *News Letter*, Field made no secret of the NF's electoral hopes in the light of Unionist disarray but said that a 'radical, revolutionary' organisation like the NF could only hope to come to power in a period of tension. 'The agreement has produced this tension and the situation where people are more open to new ideas, sceptical of their original political leaders, and losing interest and heart in their elected representatives. The NF has stepped in to capitalise on this — that's why I am here — to build the foundations of a much stronger political organisation.'

Field's reorganisation includes plans for NF advice centres and its first permanent headquarters in the North since the early 1970s. Until the signing of the Hillsborough accord the Front's support in the North consisted of individual members and a few 'units' in Loyalist areas; it now claims to be making 'rapid progress', with dramatically increasing membership and large sales of its publications. In the March issue of the NF journal *Nationalism Today,* Front leader Nick Griffin explained why the NF is channelling its energies into Northern Ireland: 'Our British Revolution will start in Ulster. We must look on the idea of an independent Ulster . . . as the first liberated zone of our future Britain . . . free from US bases, free from at least the worst of capitalist exploitation, free from mass immigration and free from repressive Race laws.'

Evidence is mounting that NF members have been involved in the worst outbreaks of Loyalist rioting, including attacks on the Royal Ulster Constabulary and on Catholic families living in mainly-Protestant areas. The Front is committed to 'direct a sustained confrontation' with supporters of the Anglo-Irish Agreement, including the British government, 'in order to preserve the British Nation, of which Ulster will remain part for all time' (*National Front News*, no. 77).

Field recently stated that the NF's policy on sectarian killings was that anyone involved with Sinn Fein was a legitimate target. He did not mean only party members but also anyone who had voted for the party. Labour MP Reg Freeson has raised the question of NF-Loyalist connections in Parliament. Home Office minister Giles Shaw told him that the government was 'aware' of the links, but did not promise any action.

Relations between the NF and hardline Loyalist groups have undoubtedly grown closer during the last year. Some NF members also belong to the paramilitary Ulster Defence Association, the recently-formed Ulster Clubs who have been picketing the homes of 'collaborators' with the agreement, or the outlawed Ulster Freedom Fighters who, using a variety of pseudonyms, are widely believed to be responsible for the recent sectarian killings of Catholics in mainly-Protestant north Belfast.

While both Field and UDA spokesmen refuse to be drawn on links between them, recently-jailed independent Unionist politician George Seawright — who was expelled from the DUP after suggesting that Catholics should be 'burned' — openly supports the NF. Earlier this year his brother David and another man, both NF members, were acquitted in Glasgow of running guns to the UVF. However, two Official Unionist MPs, party leader Jim Molyneaux and the Rev Martin Smyth, are so worried about the emerging NF-loyalist links that they are amassing dossiers of the far right's influence.

One experienced observer of the Northern Ireland political scene told the *NS* that it is only because of the deep crisis that Unionism finds itself in that the NF were being taken at all seriously. 'Usually they've been regarded as just handy English loonies to do the UDA's dirty work in Britain. The problem is that they now appear to be articulating more popular policies than some of the Unionists. Some of their plans for an independent Ulster are quite detailed, and some of the NF leadership have greater experience than many of the UDA. At the moment some hardliners don't seem to care who is helping them'.

Denis Campbell

Now McCartney argues for what he calls 'equal citizenship'.

The most important part of the 'equal citizenship' programme is an astonishing departure for a Unionist politician. McCartney argues that the people of Northern Ireland are deprived of the right to participate in real politics, and therefore of the means to overcome the sectarian difference, because the great political parties that form the governments of the United Kingdom refuse to take members or contest elections there. He wants the Conservative and Labour Parties to organise in Northern Ireland and he makes no secret of the fact — in fact, he rather seems to exult in it — that this would spell the end of traditional Unionism. He also, of course, believes that it would spell the end of traditional Nationalism. He presents this as a demand for a fundamental civil right and some of his supporters argue that it would be a continuation and completion of the work begun in the late sixties by the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association.

The phrase 'equal citizenship' has become a catchword among Unionists. In July, McCartney's Campaign for Equal Citizenship gathered over 700 people in the old temple of Unionism, the Ulster Hall, and outside the paramilitary groupings, it is the fastest growing political movement in Northern Ireland. Its demands have been adopted by the youth wing of the Official Unionists, the Young Unionists, and though McCartney is identified with the respectable, middle-class, wing of Unionism, they have also been taken up in material published by the Ulster Clubs, the UDA and the Progressive Unionist Party (which is influential in the working class Shankill Rd area). They are supported, albeit discreetly, by at least six of the ten official Unionist MPs. Ian Paisley's DUP may not support them but nor have they yet come out strongly in opposition to them, despite the personal hostility between themselves and McCartney.

The most dramatic effect of the Anglo Irish Agreement on the Unionist population therefore seems to be to have created a movement away from separate arrangements for Northern Ireland and towards a radical reappraisal of relations with Westminster. The argument is that the great national parties could not agree on measures calculated to cause such mayhem if they had to face the electorate in Northern Ireland; and that although there will never be a substantial number of Catholic Unionists or Protestant Nationalists, there could be substantial numbers of Catholic and Protestant Conservatives or Catholic and Protestant Socialists.

It remains to be seen whether McCartney can maintain the momentum of the past months; and how the other parties and the government respond to what is certainly a new element in the situation. But there is now the *possibility* of a substantial movement within Unionism which has formally renounced any ambition to Unionist ascendancy, welcomes the development of political differences based on social and economic policy, and has proposals for breaking down the sectarian division.

Perhaps the greatest problem McCartney and his allies face, however, is that if their argument is accepted, then the mainland political parties, who are so used to lecturing the people of Northern Ireland on their sectarianism and backwardness, will have to accept a large part of the blame themselves, through their refusal to admit these people, Protestant and Catholic, into the political system of the state in which they live. It may also be difficult for the main opposition parties, Labour and Alliance, to come to terms with their own failure to oppose Margaret Thatcher on what must be her most spectacularly unsuccessful policy. □

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Ducking the issues

Robert Kilroy-Silk's Hard Labour* ***was a bomb which didn't go off before Labour's conference.*** **IAN WILLIAMS** ***explains why***

'I WRITE as I think' says Robert Kilroy-Silk in his political diary, *Hard Labour*. It's a pretty damning confession to make to readers wading through an account of who dined with whom, where, and the state of health of his duck, Spats (who gets into the index, but not onto the menu). For most of his constituents a duck is what kids throw park benches at, not an item for eating or petting.

Their food is bulk items picked from 'cut and serve' supermarkets looking like well defended trading-posts, designed to soak up girocheques as fast as they arrive, and not even the dampest council house runs enough water for a pet duck. His Egon-Ronay auto-hagiography is Disraeli's 'Two Nations' rewritten to exclude one of them.

Merseyside and his seat of Knowsley North are a stark warning to the rest of the country, where the traditional class divisions have been exacerbated by industrial decline, and hardened by Thatcherism to a rigid and almost self-enforcing caste system. The divisions are marked by language, culture and education, diet and even aspirations.

After a century of compulsory education, a paper like the *Sun* is read by millions who can't be dismissed as naive. They vote Labour regardless of the paper's line. But the tabloids do cater for a profound anti-intellectualism, a genuine caste ethos, which has its own internal disciplines. Millions of workers who have always voted Labour would no more dream of reading the *Guardian* than they would the *New Statesman*, except in private among consenting adults.

Knowsley's quarter of a million people have no theatre, no cinema even. They were uprooted from a cosmopolitan, socially heterogeneous city centre, and decamped to unskilled working-class reservations. Kilroy-Silk's adopted accent, his nouveau-riche life style, his aspirations, are an alien mystery, even to the many prepared to vote for him.

To the jealous, the ambitious and the angry among his constituents, for whom politics is, like boxing, a way out, he is at once an easy target and an incitement to envy. Politics for him is a profession. For them it has been the right to choose a ward-heeler of their own class. But few of the voters see themselves in a political role, as involved in the political process, except as clients, petitioners, and occasionally protestors, at which they can be very good.

In an area where the skilled working class was never very strong, his constituency is composed of council-housing from which the 'Labour aristocracy' has fled, leaving 80 per cent of tenants in receipt of benefits of some kind, mostly unskilled, often unemployed. There are people like this all over the new enterprising Britain, but there are not many places where the casualties have been so concentrated as to form a municipal hospice for the economically moribund.

WHILE TO THE prolecultists of the left this is the *real* working class, to be invoked on platform and in parlour, both Marx and History concludes that in general working-class self-initiative doesn't come from this group. It is the artisans and upwardly mobile who pioneered the Co-operative movement, the trade unions, and the Labour Party. Lenin's dismissal of these people as Labour aristocrats foreshadows his successors' distrust of working class people who won't swallow the line of certainty. Individuals can buy homes, but collective uppitiness like housing co-operatives provokes fury — and accusations of being Labour aristocrats!

The 'real working class' for party bosses of both right and left are those whose role is as clients rather than commissars. They have provided vote-banks for politicians rather than bank-expropriators for Socialism.

The redoubtable Bessy Braddock who, as MP for Liverpool Exchange, set Merseyside's political style, was unashamed about the state of her party. She crowed about it in her biography, claiming a popular mandate from the absentee members, in the style of a happily declining number of present MPs. 'People in Liverpool seem to say: "Well, we know Bessie was elected on a Labour ticket. She believes in the Party, and she knows a darn sight more about it than we do. Let's leave her to get on with it".' But a further description reveals the gaping window of electoral opportunity for the Liberal revival and for others. The Labour Party she happily confessed, 'hardly exists except at election time'.

The Liverpool Liberals noticed it as well, and began their campaigns for the next election as soon as the vote had been declared on the last, sweeping through the old rotten boroughs first in Liverpool, and then nationally.

Others joined the Labour Party, and added 'except at re-selecting time' to the Labour Party's conditional existence. The more sophisticated version of this neglect of the party apparatus is that elections are decided by the media, but subscribers to that view have to accept that the stars of even media circuses are mostly clowns.

THE INSTABILITY of Knowsley North's 17,000 Labour majority can be seen in the degree of political detachment of its citizens, many of them overspilt from Bessy Braddock's home patch. Tower Hill ward musters 16 members, and another seven wards range from 20 to 41 members. These eight wards, with a total of 191 members, had until recently around 98 'delegates' to the GMC while the other two wards, with 347 members, had a mere 39 of them as delegates.

Frank Field, faced with a similar threat in Birkenhead, went out and recruited members. Kilroy-Silk's chosen weapons were those of the enemy. Against delegates from the T&GWU, he threw in the obliging electricians union. To their ad hominem workerism, he replied with tales of his native Birmingham slums and a coal-in-the-bath prolecultism which automatically lends itself to triumphant capping.('Ah, but *we* couldn't afford coal!') He sneers at socialists from upper-class backgrounds in tones reminiscent of those used against him and his aspirations, and equally rebuttable.

The realities of political life have changed, while the attitudes of political activists haven't. It would be no surprise to discover that there were more NALGO, NUT or NATFHE members individually in the Labour Party than come from any of the great manual workers unions — but they are still regarded as almost on sufferance, not *real* workers.

On the other side, the great Labour vote-banks, the D and E socio-economic groupings, are least involved in the party, or in political life at all. As Liberal tacticians have demonstrated, vote-banks also suffer from takeover bids.

Labour pretends that this is its social base, when it is the skilled and clerical workers who provide its activists. Can it get the 'underclass' involved in politics and so consolidate its support? Can it provide a lead to show how things can be done by ordinary people, or should they sit back and wait for the soup-kitchens of Labour Councils and Parliaments to provide outdoor relief? Can all the activists in the salariat proselytise their colleagues into support for Labour on a continuing basis?

You will search in vain for any hint of the questions, let alone the answers in *Hard Labour*. Spats, by the way, survived her injuries, believed to have been caused by over-vigorous treatment by a drake. Whether the constituents of Knowsley will survive the similar handling they've had from politicians of all parties isn't clear. □

*Hard Labour: *the political diaries of Robert Kilroy-Silk;* Chatto and Windus, £9.95.

'Bloody nouveaux socialists!'

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Healthy Questions.

In an area as controversial as health care, there are bound to be many questions. But when it comes to NHS medicine supply the answers are often assumed. If you want more information about British medicines and their contribution to the nation's health and wealth, contact ABPI at the address below.

Q. How does the pharmaceutical industry affect the UK economy?

A. In 1985 UK pharmaceutical exports exceeded imports by over £830 million. Our domestic spending on medicines is only half that of our major competitors like the US, Japan and Germany. If Britain is to be able to afford good welfare services, we must be able to pay for them – pharmaceuticals are an area in which this country is outstandingly successful.

Q. What contribution to UK employment does the pharmaceutical industry make?

A. Over 80,000 people are employed directly by the UK pharmaceutical industry. A further 250,000 to 300,000 British jobs owe their existence indirectly to the pharmaceutical industry.

Q. Why is the number of NHS prescriptions rising?

A. Between 1979 and 1985 the total number of prescriptions dispensed in the UK rose by only 5%. Factors involved included the 'ageing' of the population, rising unemployment and the shift to community care. For some groups of medicines, such as tranquillisers, the total fell significantly.

Q. Does the pharmaceutical industry care about 'Third World' health?

A. Only about 10% of the UK pharmaceutical industry's revenue is derived from the entire Third World. Yet through ABPI, British medicine manufacturers accept their responsibility to aid global health progress. For example, pilot projects to improve medicine distribution are being funded in East Africa and the Maldives.

Q. Why should all the growth money available to the NHS go to medicine costs?

A. It does not. Since 1982 the proportion of NHS resources going to pharmaceuticals (costed in manufacturers' prices) has stayed roughly constant. Less than one NHS pound in ten goes on medicines. Some 80% of NHS medicines are prescribed by General Practitioners. DHSS figures show that between 1979 and 1984 overall spending on the family practitioner services went up 10% more than their medicine costs.

Q. Haven't we already got the medicines we need?

A. Medicines and vaccines are not the only key to better health. But they have contributed significantly to the control of infections and the relief of disorders like depression, arthritis and heart disease. Unfortunately, however, many illnesses are still incurable, or only partly treatable. Providing research investment continues, many more effective pharmaceuticals will be developed to protect against conditions such as cancers, multiple sclerosis and AIDS.

Q. Does the pharmaceutical industry spend more on promotion than research?

A. In Britain the pharmaceutical industry spends, from its NHS income, twice as much on research as it does on promotion/information. If export earnings are added, UK research spending stands at over £500 million, more than three times UK promotional and allied outlays.

Q. Isn't the pharmaceutical industry excessively profitable?

A. The UK pharmaceutical industry's profits from the NHS are currently below the average for the companies quoted in the "Financial Times" 500 Index. The UK pharmaceutical industry has consistently invested more in this country than it has made in profit from the NHS.

For further information about medicines and health in Britain, write to Gail Turner at The Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry's Health Information Desk, or telephone her on 01-930 3477.

British Medicines and Britain's Health.
The Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry.
ABPI, 12 Whitehall, London SW1A 2DY.

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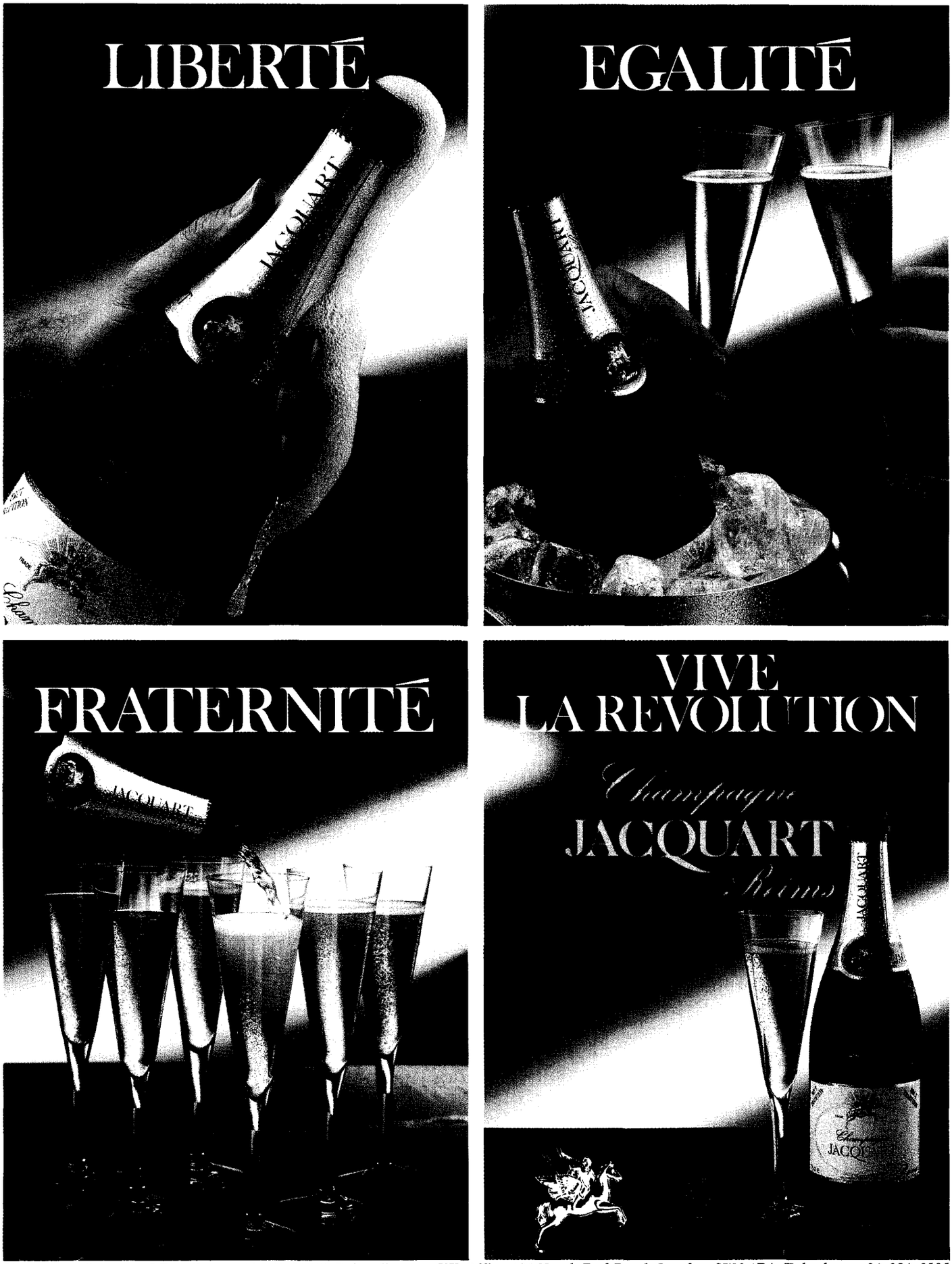

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MEDIA

At the Odeon and Metro: Central American censorship

Duncan Campbell

I WAS at a couple of gatherings last week when the subject of censorship and Central America came up. The first was attended by about 4,000 people and took place at the Hammersmith Odeon. The second, drawing a crowd of about 100, was at the Metro cinema, in Soho, last Sunday afternoon.

Occasion number one was a Jackson Browne concert. In the '70s, Browne had a reputation for being a rather wimpish Californian dreamer who sang about fountains of sorrow. Now he is one of the most outspoken mainstream American artists in opposition to American policies in Central America. This was no political rally — indeed there were more people shouting 'Play "Take it easy", Jackson,' than 'Viva Sandino' — but he did deliver a brief run-down on what his country had been up to in Guatemala, Chile and Central America.

Occasion number two was a meeting to discuss Nicaragua, the war and the press, which was part of a 'Nicaragua Must Survive' Week event held in the snappy, post-GLC Metro. It was addressed by William Higsby, a Nicaraguan journalist; Jonathon Steele, of the *Guardian*'s foreign staff; and Jake Ecclestone, the deputy general-secretary of the National Union of Journalists. Actress Charlotte Cornwell chaired the meeting.

Effectively, the reason for the debate was the recent decision by the Nicaraguan government to ban *La Prensa*, the anti-Sandinista paper. The banning was announced shortly after the American Congress decision to send a further $100 million in aid to the contras. Higsby, a young Nordic-looking man who seemed more like a Swedish tennis star than someone who had spent his formative years as an underground anti-Somoza journalist, outlined the reasons for the ban. Nicaragua is at war: thousands of people have been killed in the last five years of fighting, many of them children, victims of contra shelling and land-mining attacks; the contras are financed by the CIA and seek to overthrow an elected government; *La Prensa* aids the contras by printing damaging information about war and ignoring the contra massacres; a country at war is entitled to fight for its survival and closure is therefore justified.

Higsby said we should see the banning in perspective: the main source of news for Nicaraguans was the radio and 17 of the 35 radio stations were in private hands. Papers like *Newsweek* and the *New York Times* are on sale in Managua. And the Sandinistas themselves recognise that the whole issue of a press in wartime has to be examined — indeed Carlos Chamorro, editor of the pro-Sandinista *Barricada*, who was the billed speaker for the debate, was staying in Managua to take part in discussions about working towards a more open press. Higsby pondered on how it was that the issue of censorship of *La Prensa* should receive more media attention in the West than the fact that the United States had been found guilty at the International Court in the Hague of waging an illegal war.

Jonathon Steele's points were: that the focus on Nicaragua was itself a distortion; that it was held up for scrutiny while little attention was paid to a far less open election in El Salvador; that the CIA backs *La Prensa* to the tune of $100,000; and that a massive destabilisation campaign is being waged against Nicaragua and that *La Prensa* had to be seen in that context. Ecclestone made points that Britain had itself tampered with the press in wartime — through the Second World War, the Falklands war and, to an extent, in its treatment of press and television coverage of the IRA.

Ideally, there would have been a speaker from *La Prensa* there and indeed the cut-and-thrust of debate was missing. From the floor the main questioning of the views expressed came from Jimmy Burns, a *Financial Times* journalist recently returned from Argentina. He asked where you draw the line between an opposition paper and one that was 'outside' the revolution. And he asked if there were 'only one truth' in wartime. He said that during the Falklands war, oppositional views were freely expressed in Britain.

Some background perhaps is necessary: *La Prensa* was a bravely anti-Somoza paper in the pre-revolution days. After 1979 it became gradually more critical of the Sandinistas. Many of its journalists disagreed with its stance and left to form another daily, *Neuro Diario*. *La Prensa* became increasingly pro-Reagan. It was censored (although censored articles were always freely available to any journalist who visited the paper's offices). Now it is banned. Nicaragua's enemies suggest that this is one further reason to topple the government, an indication that there is a basic lack of freedom in an increasingly totalitarian state.

Some of Nicaragua's friends are also opposed to the ban; while *La Prensa* came out it was evidence — along with the 1984 elections — of a pluralist, democratic country. The banning is unsupportable. Other friends of Nicaragua say that it is arrogant for western journalists to deliver lectures on censorship when they do not do enough to expose the real atrocities in Central America and the workings of the CIA's propaganda. They say the banning is justified and that Britain would never have tolerated a daily that regularly ran 'Get stuck into them, Adolf!' stories during the Second World War.

Although it might seem a bit esoteric to a peasant being shelled by the contras for a group of westerners to be discussing *La Prensa* in a Soho basement cinema, the debate is a crucial one. And it would seem that the Sandinistas recognise that when their own papers are widely enough read and trusted — rumours inevitably are rife in Nicaragua now — then *La Prensa*'s ability to demoralise and destabilise will be drastically reduced.

Back in the Hammersmith Odeon, Jackson Browne sings a song about how 'everyone from the President on down' tries to keep the full truth about Central America from the American people. It would be nice to think that the American government and those American journalists engaged in what Noam Chomsky describes as 'Brainwashing under freedom' would be also prepared to engage in debate. □

Duncan Campbell will be writing on Home Affairs for the London Daily News, *which is to be launched on 10 February. He covered the 1984 Nicaraguan elections for* City Limits.

A lobby of one

CHRIS MONCRIEFF of the Press Association defends the 'off the record' lobby system

THE 'CHALLENGE' posed by Mr Peter Preston, editor of the *Guardian*, to the arrangements for Downing Street briefings for political reporters has generated a cascade of calumny at the lobby system as a whole.

Mr Preston has instructed his political reporters, from the resumption of Parliament after the Summer Recess, to identify Mr Bernard Ingham, the Prime Minister's Press Secretary, or whichever of his staff give the briefings as 'a Downing Street spokesman' and, where necessary, to quote his words in direct speech. This declaration by the *Guardian* follows a decision by the *Independent* that its political staff will not attend group lobby meetings.

Fair enough. If they have some high-minded moral objection to attending them, then that's their business. But to put yourself on collision course with the system, as the *Guardian* appears to be doing, presumably with the objective of destroying it, simply cannot work.

Those who attack the lobby system seem to assume that we sit there placidly assimilating government pap, regurgitating it into the newspapers at the earliest opportunity. Of course we get the government line — but that is what you would expect to hear from a government servant, whether speaking on or off the record.

The opponents of the lobby — many of whom, incidentally, regularly attend lobby meetings — would expect any reporter worth his salt to look a little, at least, beneath the surface.

I am sometimes asked why I take part in government 'conspiracies'. My answer is that I spend large tracts of my life involved in some conspiracy or another if there is the prospect of a story at the end of it — like most reporters, whether pro-lobby, anti-lobby or plain indifferent.

Indeed, many of those who criticise the lobby cheerfully wine and dine Cabinet ministers as the price of a story. That is a perfectly blameless practice. But those who indulge in it would throw up their hands in horror at any suggestion that the leaking minister might be identified. So how can those who seek their stories in this way criticise the lobby system without being branded hypocrites?

Lobby meetings are never 'cosy' as is alleged: they are often stormy, with government spokesmen facing aggressive questioning. Personally, I find I get better political stories — which is what I am paid for — with an off-the-record system.

So, whatever detractors do or say, they won't beat me because I shall continue to operate the system even if I am reduced to a lobby of one. □

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New Statesman's Saudi Arabia document

WE PRINT below the full text of the letter written to the *New Statesman* this week on the instructions of Sir Geoffrey Howe. For our own comment, see page 3.

Queen Anne's Chambers
28 Broadway London SW1H 9JS
Telephone 01-210 3050

7th October 1986

The Editor
The New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Dear Sir

I am instructed by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs.

On Friday, 3rd October 1986 Sir James Craig, who was Her Majesty's Ambassador to Saudi Arabia until June 1984, was interviewed by two of your journalists, Mr Forbes and Mr Duncan Campbell, and was asked to give his views of the Arab world and of Saudi Arabia in particular. During the course of that interview Mr Campbell said that he had seen copies of despatches addressed by Sir James Craig to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in 1984, and from some of the things which he said, it appeared that this was indeed the case.

I am informed that your magazine will be published, in the normal course, on Thursday, 9th October and I should be glad if you would give me your assurance that it will not contain any information of a confidential nature which might have come from Sir James Craig in his capacity as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia in 1984. You will be aware that as recently as last July in the Court of Appeal Lord Justice Nourse expressed the view that newspapers into whose hands confidential information has come may be enjoined from publishing it upon the grounds "that equity gives relief against the world including the innocent save only a bona fide purchaser for value without notice. It is obvious that nobody could obtain the sort of information which is under consideration in this case without being on notice that it was confidential to the Crown."

I am sure you will agree that any information obtained from the despatches from the Ambassador to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office fall within the categories of information described by Lord Justice Nourse and I must tell you that if I do not receive the above mentioned assurance by 6pm today, Tuesday, 7th October 1986 I am authorised to institute proceedings to restrain the New Statesman Mr Forbes and Mr Campbell from publishing any information which may have been obtained from the despatch or despatches of Sir James Craig.

I enclose two copies of this letter for onward transmission to Mr Forbes and Mr Campbell.

J B Bailey

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Green quits for Nats

THE SCOTTISH National Party (SNP), long a home for disillusioned high-profile Labour and Conservative politicians, has now provided refuge for one of the Scotland's leading Green Party activists. And after last month's Liberal Assembly it's tentatively predicting a few Liberal defections.

Last week the SNP boasted the arrival of Michael Collie, a man who has sampled more political parties than most. In his youth he flirted with the Communist Party, became vice-chairman of the Lothian Young Liberals, and attended meetings of the Edinburgh Anarchist Group. He then got a job as a researcher for the Conservative Party in Edinburgh, although he says he never became a card-carrying member.

Immediately prior to his conversion to the nationalist cause he had been the Scottish Green Party's enthusiastic full-time press officer. His erstwhile Green colleagues are none too pleased with his latest move, pointing out that earlier this year he co-authored a Green Party publication which dismissed the SNP as having 'an inherent poverty of ideology.'

Rob Edwards

'Bias' of Nobel prize

THIS YEAR'S Nobel Peace Prize winner has already been chosen. The name will be announced next Tuesday (14 October). Bob Geldof is tipped. It *could* still be Winnie Mandela. Archbishop Tutu is of course a past holder. But the long-term apparent lesson of the prize is that the most peaceloving persons and organisations on earth are to be found in —the industrialised West.

Of 83 Peace prizes (including shared ones) awarded since its first in 1901, thirteen or 16 per cent of the total — have gone to mainly Western-dominated international organisations. Of the remaining 70 awarded to individuals, 64, or 77 per cent of the total, went to citizens of the industrialised world, while only six, or 7 per cent, were awarded to individuals from Third World countries.

Analysis of the 41 awards made solely from 1945-85 shows that excluding the eight (19.5 per cent) to international organisations, 28 awards (68 per cent) were made to individuals from the industralised world and only five (12 per cent) to Third World countries. Still excluding the eight awards to international organisations, 21, or 51 per cent, of post-war Peace prize, went to individuals from Western-allied countries, nine (22 per cent) to neutral countries and only three (7 per cent) to Communist countries. So: counting neutral countries sympathetic to the Western alliance such as Switzerland, Austria and Sweden, 30, or 73 per cent, of peace-maker brownie points went to the industrialised West.

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Nationalities of recipients 1901-1985:	
United States	16
France	9
Britain	9
Sweden	5
Germany	4
Switzerland	3
Belgium	3
Austria	2
Norway	2
Argentina	2
South Africa	2
Italy, Denmark, Holland, Canada, Vietnam, Ireland, Japan, Soviet Union, Egypt, Israel, India, Mexico, Poland	1 each
International organisations	13
Total	83

Nationalities of recipients 1945-1985:	
United States	9
Britain	4
France	3
South Africa	2
Sweden	2
Canada, Belgium, Germany, Vietnam, Ireland, Japan, Soviet Union, Egypt, Israel, India, Argentina, Mexico, Poland	1 each
International organisations	8
Total	41

Of the only three prizes ever awarded to subjects of Communist countries, two went to individuals highly critical of their respective regimes: Andrej Sakharov of the Soviet Union in 1975 and Lech Walesa of Poland in 1983. The third Communist recipient, former North Vietnamese foreign minister Le Duc Tho, shared the prize with Henry Kissinger in 1973. Perhaps understandably, he didn't even bother to collect it.

Men are much more peaceloving than women. Of the 70 individual awards made since 1901, 63, or 90 per cent, have gone to men, and seven, only 10 per cent, to women.

Scarcely less true today than in 1973 when a thorough analysis of the recipients of the Nobel Peace Prize was made by Solveig Hall, of Uppsala University in Sweden, in the journal *Instant Research On Peace and Violence* (pub. Tampere Peace Research Institute in Finland) is her conclusion: 'The average recipient is a white man about 64 years old, he comes from the West, is well educated, probably in law, and is very likely a leading politician.' This is a mirror image of the Nobel Committee itself, appointed by the Norwegian parliament, the Stortinget, for a period of six years. (The oldest member of the committee is 74, the youngest 50.)

In spite of having been represented by up to 16 MPs, the Socialist Left Party — which in terms of foreign policies is the only viable alternative to the grand NATO coalition of Labour and the parties of the centre and right in Norway — has never had a representative on the committee. To change the procedure by which the recipients are chosen and thus restore the dignity of the Nobel Peace Prize, it has been proposed to internationalise the committee to reflect today's — rather than last century's — world and reality.

Up to a certain point little can be done. By the terms of Alfred Nobel's will it is up to the Norwegian parliament to elect the members of the committee and this cannot be changed. However, Alfred Nobel never stated that the members of the committee must be Norwegians.

One proposal, which has been put forward is to recruit the members of the committee on an international basis, following the routine by which countries are elected to the UN Security Council and thus securing a world-wide representation of views. Which isn't entirely new. The idea was debated in the Norwegian parliament in 1899 — only three years after Alfred Nobel died and two years before the first Nobel Peace Prize was awarded. After all these years perhaps the time has come to put it into effect.

Harald Offerdal

Are unit trusts a form of social ownership?

A unit trust is a way in which New Statesmen (and women) can invest relatively small amounts in a wide spread of shares, managed for them by professionals.

A typical unit trust might have £10 million split between 50 companies, an average shareholding of £200,000. There might be 5,000 investors, with an average of £2,000 each. Each investor's chunk is expressed in terms of units, each one representing a slice of the whole fund. The £10 million fund might be divided into 20 million units worth 50p each. This would mean an average of 4,000 units per member.

The fund would be valued every day. If the shares went up, so would each unit. A one per cent rise in the average value of the shares in the fund would mean a corresponding rise in the price of units: in our example, to 50.5p. A newcomer to the fund would have to pay this new price. The fresh money would go into the fund and new units would be created.

Members can sell their units when they like, receiving a slightly lower price than the buying price (the difference is usually about 6 per cent and includes an initial charge of 5 per cent to the managers). When they sell their units the money is taken out of the fund and (unless there is another buyer for them) the units are liquidated.

Meanwhile most of the unitholders remain with the fund while the managers manage it, buying shares in companies with good prospects and selling them when they feel the price has become better than the prospects. The managers will charge a fee of around one per cent for running the fund and all the admin associated with what is in effect a big share-owning cooperative.

The members — the unitholders — get out of it a wide spread of shares for a minimum investment of perhaps £500 (or possibly just £20 per month with a savings plan), together with expert management and administrative simplicity. Is this social ownership?

The unit trust's constitution is its Trust Deed. This sets out how the trust should be run. Significant changes can be made only by the decision of the members. The trust is supervised on behalf of its members by a Trustee, usually a clearing bank, and by the Department of Trade & Industry. The Trustee has extensive powers and could *in extremis* dismiss the managers. He is required always to act in the interests of the unitholders.

Is this social ownership of shares?

New Stateswomen (and men) can find out further by sending the coupon and receiving in return a copy of the Framlington Unit Trust Guide. In it they will find details of eleven unit trusts with excellent performance records.

Framlington Capital Trust (for example) puts money into small British growth companies and has achieved an annual average rate of growth since it started in 1969 of over 15 per cent. Framlington American & General Fund does the same with U.S. companies and has averaged over 19 per cent since it started in 1978. Of course, as in elections, past experience is no guarantee of future success. The price of units can go down. But the record is encouraging; our unitholders have certainly done well.

Some forms of social ownership actually work.

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'Fortress white' mentality

It's quite possible to have a clear-cut, non-racist immigration policy without scrapping all controls, argues* JOLYON JENKINS. *But it's not going to be easy, and there will have to be some root-and-branch work on the Home Office — and perhaps complete detaching of immigration officers from the 'policing' ministry. Labour's position could do with some clarification

'THE THIRD WORLD is becoming increasingly footloose' said Douglas Hurd in his foreword to the Immigration & Nationality department's annual report published on 30 September. It's the old colonial masters' fear — 'the natives are getting restless' — in the more 'diplomatic' phrasing of a modern Conservative Home Secretary.

Immigration controls are tightening across Europe. W. Germany clamps down on Third World refugees entering from East Berlin. France reacts to the terrorist bombings of Paris with tough visa requirements for non-Europeans. Most plainly racist, in fact a matter of the long-time indigenous *white* natives getting restless, are Germany's 'problem' with Turkish 'guest-workers' and their first-generation descendants, and France's 'problem' with black Francophone immigrants and their families. The beseiged white fortress mentalities of those countries have their counterparts in Britain's new visa requirements specifically imposed on visitors from five black Commonwealth countries.

If the fortress trend is wider than Britain alone, is there any prospect of a reforming incoming British government achieving the complete breakaway from implicitly racist immigration *law* and explicitly racist immigration *practice* which every other commitment to *internal* racial equality seems to demand? Yes, we'd confidently suggest: a much better prospect than Labour is managing to articulate.

Tories never talk about 'swamping' nowadays, but except when forced to do otherwise by the European Court feel free to tighten the immigration ratchet at regular intervals. Part of Thatcher and Hurd's security comes from a confidence that the opposition parties won't go much beyond standard denunciations of racism; and that the popular press can be counted on to conduct the debate in standard terms. So that whereas Canadian visitors are 'tourists', Bangladeshi ones are 'immigrants'.

The *Daily Mail* banged the familiar drum last month: 'Illegal immigrants are rushing to get into Britain before the tough new "visa" measures are introduced.' The *Mail* claimed that five extra flights were expected from Bangladesh that week. It was not true.

Debate persistently sinks back into accusations and counter accusations about numbers of immigrants/visitors, leaving intact the assumption that the fewer (black and Asian) immigrants/visitors there are the better. The Tories prefer not to make that assumption explicit, but if they have to will openly use it to attack any proposed liberalisation. As a result, the argument is 'an engine that moves in predestinate grooves', depressingly exemplified in the row that followed Kinnock's visit to India (*see box*).

What about the Tory right?

A comment made to the *NS* by John Wheeler, senior Tory on the Commons Home Affairs Select Committee, is revealing. He said to us that Kinnock's pledge of new non-racist immigration legislation (repeated by Kaufman at Conference) *had* to mean 'dramatically more immigration. What would be the point of repealing two acts of parliament and replacing them almost exactly as they are, only have a very modest sort of modification in your entry requirements?' Labour digs a hole for itself every time it doesn't challenge Wheeler's orthodoxy that the only policy axis is *more* immigrants, or *fewer* — linked to which is another orthodoxy, that reforming immigration policy means scrapping all control.

Libertarians and free marketeers (such as the Federation of Conservative Students *do* oppose all control regarding it as a restriction on the free movement of labour. From a quite different direction, locally-based immigration campaigns and community groups who are fighting deportations on an individual basis also often now adopt a root-and-branch approach. It's understandable in anyone who sees the distress deportations cause to families and communities and the way the law is applied almost exclusively to blacks and Asians. The anguished deduction is that if deportations are an unavoidable consequence of having an immigration control, abolish the control.

IT IS possible to reform without scrapping. The broad objectives should be an act which declares rights, principles and goals such as the unity of the family, racial and sexual equality, and the overriding rights of refugees. Some of this would mean incorporating into UK law international agreements to which Britain is already a party

Montage: Leon Kuhn

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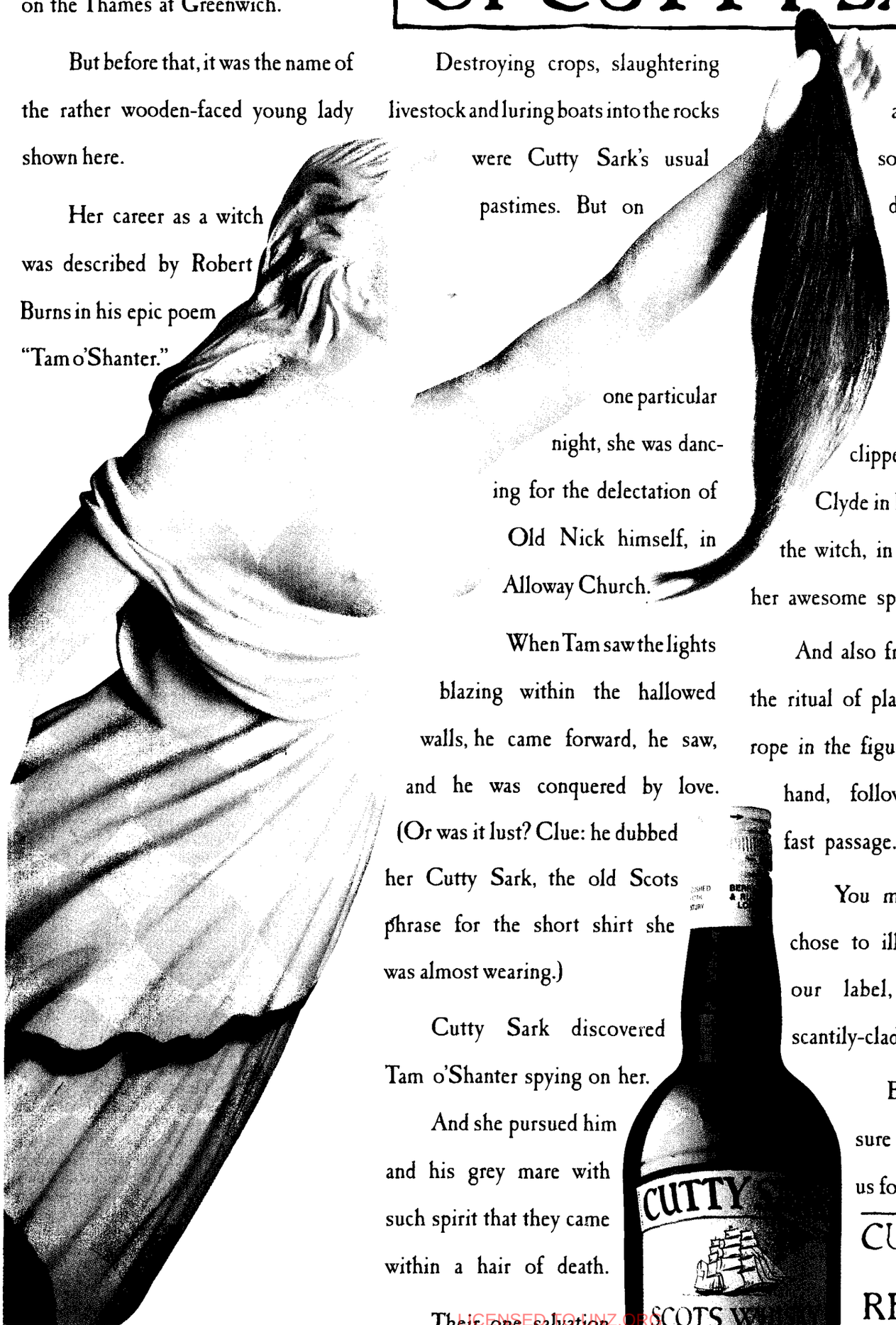
THE LOST TALE OF CUTTY SARK.

Actually, the tale isn't so much lost as misplaced. Because everyone thinks Cutty Sark is the ship moored on the Thames at Greenwich.

But before that, it was the name of the rather wooden-faced young lady shown here.

Her career as a witch was described by Robert Burns in his epic poem "Tam o'Shanter."



Destroying crops, slaughtering livestock and luring boats into the rocks were Cutty Sark's usual pastimes. But on one particular night, she was dancing for the delectation of Old Nick himself, in Alloway Church.

When Tam saw the lights blazing within the hallowed walls, he came forward, he saw, and he was conquered by love. (Or was it lust? Clue: he dubbed her Cutty Sark, the old Scots phrase for the short shirt she was almost wearing.)

Cutty Sark discovered Tam o'Shanter spying on her.

And she pursued him and his grey mare with such spirit that they came within a hair of death.

Their one salvation lay in crossing a running stream – something no witch can do. Yet Cutty Sark still managed to pull off the horse's tail at the last instant.

The famous tea clipper launched on the Clyde in 1869 was named after the witch, in hopes of emulating her awesome speed.

And also from the legend came the ritual of placing a mare's tail of rope in the figurehead's outstretched hand, following an especially fast passage.

You may wonder why we chose to illustrate the ship on our label, rather than the scantily-clad young witch.

But that way we can be sure our customers want us for one thing only.

CUTTY SARK
THE
REAL McCOY.

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(such as the European Convention on Human Rights, the 1951 Convention on the Status of Refugees and the 1967 Protocol) and so might be part of broader human rights review.

Bring out your policy

Then as much legislation as possible should be taken out of administrative rules and into the act, so that changes have to be debated and passed in parliament and not just 'laid before' it. Similarly, there should be safeguards against administrative injustices such as the current practice of 'removing' alleged illegal immigrants — in itself a concept which has grown enormously — with no right of appeal. Due process of law has to be *seen* to operate. Specifically, one would want to see the right of appeal before removal for visitors refused entry; the right of appeal against refusal of refugee status; ending of the pernicious 'primary purpose rule' which discriminates against arranged marriages; and curtailment or abolition of the Home Secretary's power to deport someone without appeal on the grounds that their presence is 'not conducive to the public good.'

And there would still be deportations, but fewer removals, and (well-justified) anti-deportation campaigns. (These ideas are more fully explored in *Towards A Just Immigration Policy, ed.* Ann Dummett, Cobden Trust).

All the opposition parties have immigration policies, but they hide them carefully. (The SDP press office when we called was surprised and relieved in equal measure to discover it had one.) Labour's is called *Immigration: Labour's Approach* and was approved at 1982 Conference. It was written in those cosy days when almost anyone from the alternative great and good could join the policy-making teams, but its main authors were Ian Martin, then general secretary of the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants (JCWI), and Alex Lyon, the Labour immigration minister sacked in 1976 for, effectively, having too humanitarian an attitude to his job.

Yet, as Ann Dummett of the Runnymead Trust says, Labour seems scared of its own policy. Its existence wasn't even mentioned during May's Kinnock-in-India row. *New Society* recently reported that Labour 'has not yet worked out what rules and laws will replace [the current laws]'. Kaufman's office had told *New Society* that the details would only be worked out 'when we're in possession of the relevant department'. No mention of the policy. Alf Dubs, who shadows Waddington, says that he approves of the 1982 document, but that he and Kaufman are shortly going to 'take it down, dust it off and see if it needs revising . . . a lot of things have happened since it was written and it may need condensing.' But the idea that Labour has to be in government before it can work out the details is baloney. There's no information the party needs which isn't available already.

It all sounds ominously like the noise of policies being gently ditched, but Alex Lyon, whose own experiences might incline him to fear the worst, is optimistic: 'I think [the existing policy] will certainly be part of the document for the next election. The question of whether it will be implemented depends to a large extent on who becomes Home Secretary. If Kaufman becomes Home Secretary then I should think it will go through.' (There are rumours in the PLP that he could be replaced by John Cunningham.) The questionmark over Kaufman, many people feel, isn't whether he has the right sentiments but whether — like Hattersley before him — he really grasps the 1982 commitments. As Anne Owers of the JCWI says, many MPs see immigration as a problem that crops up in constituency work, and rarely look beyond that.

Radical populism

To have a policy but behave publicly as if it doesn't exist must be the worst possible strategy. It simply allows the *Daily Mail* (eg) to fuel the old fears. It isn't axiomatic that, properly presented, a radical policy loses votes:

- The rightness of allowing families to stay together has popular appeal: the strength of local opinion that has built up around some well-run deportation cases has shown that.
- Even the establishment has become uneasy about this government's approach. In one recent case (*R v Immigration Appeal ex parte Begum Manshoora*) Mr Justice Simon Brown called the current rule on elderly relatives 'manifestly unjust' and 'a snare and a delusion'. And Sir John Donaldson has said that the 'primary purpose' rule places would-be immigrants in a 'Catch 22' and is 'more likely to obfuscate than enlighten'. If even judges don't like it, public opinion can probably be swung round.
- If a party acts decisively to eliminate the queues for settlement in the Indian sub-continent, which consist of relatives of those settled here, and so are finite, then, as the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants has pointed out, it can present itself as the party that has ended mass immigration once and for all.

CHANGING THE LAW, as Ann Dummett points out, is less than half the battle. Ingrained attitudes of immigration officers and Home Office officials in Britain, and visa officers overseas, together with the growth in power of the Immigration Service Union (ISU), present a huge problem.

The way Hurd came to announce the new visa rules shows just how strange are the policy-making structures within the Home Office. A decision with such important ramifications for ethnic minorities and for foreign policy relations with the Commonwealth shouldn't have been taken without a great deal of thought. Instead, it seems to have been the result of lobbying by the Immigration Service Union (ISU) and a particular management level in the Home Office.

Some of the analysis that has appeared recently has suggested that the ISU was the main lobbyist for visas. But its real demand was for more staff, curtailment of MPs' rights to obtain temporary admissions, of visitors who have been refused entry; and a general toughening up of policy. Its tactics were to brief the sympathetic press and get television cameras down to Heathrow to show how intolerable conditions were — conditions partly created by the immigration officers themselves by detaining more people for questioning.

Moreover, an internal immigration service document obtained by the *New Statesman* suggests that the impetus for the decision may really have come from within the Immigration Service hierarchy itself. A memorandum from the chief inspector of the Immigration Service, Peter Tompkins, was sent to all sea and air ports shortly

A round of the numbers game

- Neil Kinnock, on his visit to India at the end of May, said that the next Labour goverment would replace the 1971 Immigration Act and 1981 British Nationality Act with non-racist and non-sexist legislation.
- Back home, John Wheeler, the senior Tory on the Commons Home Affairs select committee (and chair of 'SCORRI', its subcommittee on race relations and immigration), played the classic 'numbers' gambit; he said that Kinnock's promise opened up the prospect of an escalation of primary immigration, which could be sent 'rocketing back to 100,000 a year'.
- Gerald Kaufman, shadow Home Secretary, said that, on the contrary, under Labour there would be a small increase of about 1,000 a year.
- On 4 July immigration minister David Waddington said that Kaufman's figure was not credible: 'Something rather unsavoury is afoot. On the one hand the Labour party is seeking to lead a substantial section of the Asian population in Britain into believing that they will substantially relax immigration controls . . . on the other hand they are seeking to reassure the majority of the population that what they are proposing will have little practical effect. They are cyncially leading one group or other up the garden path . . . The Labour party [must] come clean and identify what precisely it is they wish to change in the immigration law and rules . . .'
- Kaufman in response said: 'The only flood of immigrants likely to claim entry in the foreseeable future are over 800,000 white South Africans. They may be encouraged to seek to come here by the comfort that Mrs Thatcher's policies give to apartheid in South Africa.'

If all that mattered were the numbers, then at least they should have had some basis in fact. But as far as it's possible to tell, they were wholly spurious. John Wheeler, contacted by the *NS* last week, admitted that he arrived at the figure of 100,000 by simply doubling the existing figure: 'It's very easy to see that any change in the system of control will send the figures shooting up . . . I've toured the subcontinent and I've spent seven years of my life in Parliament looking at these issues, and I have enough feel for it now to understand what the implications are from a change in policy.' Kaufman's office has been even less forthcoming on the figure of 1,000.

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after the Home Secretary's decision was announced. Unusually, Tompkins injected what appears to be a personal note:

'This is not the time or place to record the amount of work which has taken place over the last few weeks to enable the statement to be made but it is appropriate to take this opportunity of thanking those Ports, particularly the Heathrow Terminals and Gatwick, whose staff have been deluged with requests for statistical information, usually at short notice, over the period, and without whose efforts the statement might not have been produced.'

Clearly, Tompkins was glad that the announcement had been made — and his enthusiasm for such a contentious political move must be inappropriate for a civil servant. But the statement may have greater significance. It is known that there was argument at Cabinet level before the changes were announced. The Home Office wanted them; the Foreign Office, which would have to shoulder the burden of issuing the visas, didn't. Naturally Hurd would have had to produce statistics to show that immigration staff were overwhelmed.

But this may not have been what was behind Tompkins' vote of thanks. For only a few weeks before Hurd's announcement, and while, according to the Tompkins memo, Heathrow and Gatwick staff were being 'deluged' with requests for information which would be used to justify the change, a Home Office civil servant who is Tompkins' *senior* was saying he didn't expect visas to be introduced for at least two years.

At the very least, the discrepancies raise questions about where power really lies in the Immigration & Nationality department. The situation is further confused by Home Office minister Waddington's tendency not to criticise decisions of immigration officers because they are 'on the ground and know best' — which effectively licenses them to make policy. He also makes more trips down to Heathrow to see the lads, and receives more delegations from the ISU, than any minister before him, and in doing so, creates links which seem to bypass his own management. On one of his Heathrow visits, immigration officers gave him a letter which they had confiscated from a passenger to whom they had refused entry. The letter was from Alex Lyon, on behalf of his wife, Clare Short MP, to the relative of a constituent in Tanzania, explaining that if he was refused entry, he should ask Short to make representations on his behalf. Waddington later used the evidence to support his claim that MPs are abusing the system of MP's representations.

The immigration system works in strange and often inpenetrable ways. Tackling the miasma of political and bureaucratic interests may be the hardest job of all. The best step would probably be to take responsibility for immigration altogether away from the repressive atmosphere of the Home Office. Ann Dummett of Runnymede Trust has a solution with a lot of appeal. Chief immigration officers, she suggests, should be put in charge of promoting tourism. It's an audacious idea. But if it could be done successfully, what a sea-change in attitudes it would entail. □

TERRORISM

The privatisation of war

The wave of bombings in Paris, whose targets have been ordinary citizens, has dictated an anguished response from all quarters. Here,* PAUL VIRILIO, *a radical sociologist and well known anti-militarist, reflects on a war which has put us all in the front line

TERRORISM is the imagination in power. We can't even discuss it in terms of ideology, only of experience: the experience of fear and physical pain. Which is something new for intellectuals. But it's a very specific experience. No one at Verdun, Hiroshima or Auschwitz needed imagination; they were already living through the inconceivable. Today it's just little bombs which are killing the innocent.

'L'Imagination au Pouvoir' — terrorism gives a fresh meaning to that old slogan of May '68, because the witnesses to *these* explosions really do change their relationship to the city. Fear now depends on imagination, imagination on images. It could always be me — my body blown apart, my children killed, my wife maimed. And there lies terrorism's power, the power of the image in all its forms. The mental image: the idea of an explosion. The images on TV and in the papers, which provide the material.

Terrorism turns war into direct experience and puts us all in the front line, as potential victims and potential combatants, responsible for our actions. Every State represents accumulated violence, to be organised for attack or defence; now suddenly that stored violence is transferred to individuals — each of us *is* the State. We may respond with hatred, and certainly there is now a terrible risk of racial revenge. To the terrorist every American is Reagan, every French man or woman Chirac; the danger, then, is that we will all react like the State: 'I must hunt the culprits down, I must destroy them.' Heads of State are obliged to act and are answerable for their decisions. But when individuals are placed in the same situation, civil peace is jeopardised. Just as in Lebanon, the consensus which distinguishes societies from clans may disintegrate, in a kind of pathological regression.

In modern warfare, the functions of the eye and the weapon are one and the same: you must see your target and see the damage you've inflicted. For the terrorists, TV provides the only battleground reconnaissance, the only feedback. I'm not suggesting that for this reason we should misinform or stay silent, that we should put any restrictions on journalistic freedom. We have no choice here but to satisfy the terrorists by supplying all the details. But we *can* block their field of vision — those images on which our imaginations feed — by excluding such pictures from TV and the press. The when, where and how of bombings are indispensable: but does the same go for the pictures? Faced with a strategic offensive as serious as the present one in Paris, I would argue that the media should delay broadcasting footage of the aftermath of attacks for maybe a week. Journalists who object may still have something to learn about the nature of live images.

WE CAN NO LONGER make the excuse that 'war is nothing to do with us'. Throughout the world since the '60s all structures (even in architecture) have grown more and more transparent, in an exhibitionist society. But the insecurity induced by terrorism is inevitably going to speed up a new and very different transformation of urban life: the return to the bunker, the dug-out and the ghetto (which is of course a defensive structure). Especially as we're witnessing a deterioration of racial and social relations — every neighbour a suspect, just as every suitcase is a potential bomb. Daily life becomes tragically perverted: Israel shows only too clearly what it is to live in such an atmosphere.

So today it is not only companies which are privatised: it is war itself. Just as in Lebanon (or Northern Ireland) we are in danger of reverting to that primitive form of warfare where a society breaks down into confrontations between individuals, families, tribes and clans. Terrorism may find new imitators in Europe, create new forms of criminal pressure. Some 'ordinary' crimes already bear its mark: when robbers attack security vans with bazookas and magnetic mines it's a sign of a contagion that has spread well beyond Lebanon. We already have 'political' terrorism and 'criminal' terrorism. Warfare, in fact, is breaking through its former limits in both directions: upwards into Star Wars, downwards into terrorism. No more rules. And with the privatised war of terrorism comes permanent insecurity: the bandit and the soldier are indistinguishable. Of course we can all recall the horrors perpetrated by soldiers in uniform. But antimilitarists — like myself — are hoist on our own petard when we so often forget what atrocities there were *before* the uniforms.

Terrorism's geopolitical relativity has been evident for some time now. An ambassador is killed in London: the Israeli army invades Lebanon; Israelis are killed in Larnaca: Israel bombs Yasser Arafat's HQ in Tunis: Chirac talks of issuing wanted posters for the Abdallah brothers and the French military attaché in Beirut is assassinated. There are wars of position, in space and in time: terrorism is a war of instantaneity and ubiquity. Émile Abdallah (suspected, with his brother Georges, of terrorist acts) is spotted in rue de Rennes? He's in Tripoli. Such displacements, such *delocalisations*, all contribute to putting each of us in the front line. Terrorism challenges the territorial as well as the legal integrity of the State. □

Trans. Malcolm Imrie: from interview by Mathieu Lindon in Libération, *22 September.* © Libération.
Paul Virilio's books include Vitesse et Politique, Defense Populaire et Luttes Ecologiques *and* Esthétique de la Disparition. *A series of interviews,* Pure War, *is available in English in the Semiotext(e) Foreign Agents series, distributed by Central Books.*

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CLASS WAR

Bitter politics of fun

'IT'S NO GOOD floundering around on your own hating the rich', said Stella: 'you've got to join a group otherwise you feel very isolated. Class War's the best group around'.

Stella was with kindred spirits in a Dalston, east London, pub, participants in the outfit — movement? *ad hoc* network? — which last year aimed to *Stop the City*, attacking Square Mile offices, shouting rude words and abusing businessmen; disrupted Henley Regatta, annoying members of the leisured rich as they sipped Pimms by the Thames; and led a *Bash the Rich* march on Hampstead.

This year Class War has continued the work, providing cadres for what the police call the 'rent-a-crowd' element on the picket line against Murdoch's Wapping operation, and going further afield, forming itself into a 'Class War Federation' with branches in most major cities. It sees itself as having taken politics back to basics: a struggle of good against evil, poor against rich. Class Warriors think of themselves as noble not terribly intellectual underdogs, poking fun and confounding their 'superiors'. Very British, very British satirical, in its way, though there has been no shortage of Continental parallels — the savage satire of the Weimar Republic, or of the more recent German youth revolts against the fat cats of the post-war economic 'miracle'.

Class Warriors attack most of the traditional left which they regard as over-intellectual, centralised, bureaucratic, boring. The Labour Party is the 'La-bore Party or the 'Labour Farty'. Sean is one of the new Class War people. He's not one of the of the anarchist punks it used to attract, and not one of the disenchanted hippies who founded the enterprise — entertainment? tendency? — in Bristol. He dresses like a soul boy and he's self-consciously proletarian. He says he's a painter and decorator, but who knows, for later I learn that Sean isn't his real name.

He's sitting at the pub table with Stella and others. They all joined Class War after flirting with other left groups 'because Class War's more fun'. Stella is an office worker: 'The excitement gives you the hope that something might happen. That doesn't mean we aren't serious about politics, it just means we don't bore each other to tears with it'. The thing isn't 'academic' appraisal of the class struggle but experience: 'We judge success by how the crack's going [the event, the fun], by the attitude on say the picket line'. The high-jinx drive is reflected in their paper *Class War*. The 'Royal Wedding Issue' showed the loving couple, Andy and Fergie, with a headline 'Better Dead than Wed'. One of their paper sellers went through a recent CND rally shouting 'Buy *Class War*, the voice of moderation'. They're experimenting with other forms of media. A Class War record is due to be released and there are plans for a Class War video. 'We did think of manufacturing PC Blakelock flavoured crisps [the policeman murdered during the Tottenham riots last year]' says Sean 'but we asked the prices and we couldn't afford them.'

THERE ARE A LOT of things Class War isn't. It's no longer anarchist. 'We're trying to move out of the anarchist ghetto,' says Sean. 'Anarchism means nothing to the average person'. Class Warriors aren't punks: 'Six months ago two thirds of Class War were punks. Now there are hardly any,' says Rose, a design student at a London College. 'People saw punk as a movement for change but now it doesn't have a wide appeal.'

Nor are they old hippies, just a residue from the anarchists of the '60s, though one of the founders of Class War, now slightly balding with short hair, does have pictures on his wall of himself as a young man with long blond sun-bleached hair and children playing around him on the grass. And when I met him he did talk about his time at university in the '60s and discussed Situationism and Danny Cohn Bendit. Nor are they Trotskyites. 'We don't think Class War will lead the revolution,' says Sean. 'Movements just follow the workers. The people with the flags will be about ten miles behind the workers. The vanguard is usually the rear-guard.'

> ***'This is class war. You drag people out of their Rollers and you turn them over. It doesn't matter if they belong to the Tory party or the Labour party. You turn them over and you set them on fire.'***

Some are proud of their working class roots. 'The key to what we're doing is class struggle,' says Stella. 'Working-class people are given less choices. If you're working-class you can't run to mummy for £100.' So does that mean middle-class people can't get involved? 'You don't have to be working-class but you have to have real class hatred against the rich. If you don't have that, then Class War has nothing for you.' Within the left, Class War is notorious for disrupting meetings and shouting down speakers. One Class War person proudly recounts bluffing their way into a meeting where Neil Kinnock addressed the miners and managed to shout him down: 'Neil Kinnock is the only Labour Party leader to go back on his words before he got into office. The others had the decency to wait till they were elected.' Similarly it dislikes the single-issue groups such as CND and Anti-Apartheid. Its paper describes such groups as a 'vote catching pedestal' for the 'La-bore Party vote vultures.'

Class War has recently tried a reshuffle. At a conference in Manchester it was decided that *organisation* is the way to become a serious political force so the Class War Federation was formed. Now policy is to be made at national conferences and encapsulated in a list of 'Aims and Principles,' which it is insisted is not a manifesto. Also the magazine, the flagship, is to be produced in rotation by each of the regional branches. This may have been a mistake, not because it sent some of the punks and anarchists packing, which it did, but because it might take away Class War's special qualities; its immediacy and the fact that the warriors — probably no more than some 500 across the country — don't take themselves too seriously. Now they're looking for a grand design.

Lengthy discussion has never been Class War's strong point. At one meeting they were debating whether they should be affiliated to East London Direct Action Movement (ELDAM) or to Red Action. As the argument dragged on, an old man in a green coat stood up. 'This is Class War,' he said: 'You drag people out of their Rollers and you turn them over.' He paused for effect. 'It doesn't matter if they belong to the Tory Party or the Labour Party or to ELDAM. You turn them over and you set them on fire. That's Class War for you.'

Jack Shamash

ROGER WODDIS

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These things shall be! A richer race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With talk of freedom in their words,
And light of madness in their eyes.

They shall be hard on those in need,
And caring service, damned as sin,
Shall bow its head and kneel before
The holy cause of cashing in.

They shall be simple in their aims,
Avid for schools and stamps and coal,
And Songs of Praise shall advertise,
All for the good of Auntie's soul.

The rivers shall be marketed.
The public sun shall turn to ice,
And none shall hear the morning lark,
Unless they pay the asking price.

And when your earthly days are done
And you attain a higher state,
St Peter shall be waiting there,
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ECONOMICS

Social ownership has to put the customer first

Charles Leadbeater

'SOCIAL OWNERSHIP' is Labour's attempt to modernise its policy on the role of public ownership in the economy. The new gloss on how Clause 4 (the 'common ownership' clause) should be fulfilled comes in two coats.

The first is that the large public corporations should be made more accountable to consumers, workers, local communities, and Parliament. There are plans for democratically-elected consumer centres to prosecute complaints; a limited extension of industrial democracy; greater powers of scrutiny for select committees, and new borrowing powers for public corporations to end their reliance on government finance.

All this is aimed at winning greater loyalty for the big public corporations by making them less secretive and bureaucratic, more open and accountable.

The second coat is to extend the idea of public ownership to include smaller businesses, to ensure that public ownership is not exclusively identified with monopolistic, impersonal corporations. It's born-again municipal socialism in the form of local enterprise boards, fostering co-operatives and other small businesses.

Both these approaches offer some hope of popularising social ownership, ending the association with monopolies or lame ducks.

The first aim of social ownership must be to ensure that strategic industries which provide essential services like electricity, gas and telecommunications do not discriminate against a minority of the population for the sake of profit. Public ownership *is* an effective way to ensure that.

The second must be that through public ownership, working people's control over economic resources, and their own lives, is extended. The proposals for workers on the board, and an extension of co-ops, go some way in that direction.

The third is that public corporations must provide consumers with an efficient service. Most people come into contact with British Telecom and British Gas as consumers. The most effective way to ensure public support for public industries is to persuade consumers they are getting value for money from the monoliths.

To win support for the first aim, Labour must persuade people of the merits of its proposals on the second, and particularly the third. And it is here where Labour falls short.

THE SOURCE of Labour's failing is that the party has been drawn into seeing the privatisation programme as purely a series of asset sales. In doing so Labour is accepting the government's terms for debate. For both Labour and the Tories argue that it is primarily the ownership of British Telecom that will transform its performance, and provide the British public with a better service.

What counts as much is that, whether public or private, BT is a monopoly. If Labour wants to persuade consumers that renationalisation will not lead to inefficiency and bureaucracy, it should commit itself to do what the Tories have not: *end BT's monopoly control of sectors of the telecommunications market.*

The crucial issue is not whether BT as an entity is in private or public hands, but rather how best the state can affect the workings of the telecommunications market to ensure it meets the three goals set out above.

Take the first aim of ensuring that as large a number of people as possible have access to telecommunications services. Here there is a clear case for public ownership and control of the telecommunicatios infrastructure, just as there is of the electricity, gas, or road network.

Public ownership is an effective way to ensure that the infrastructure reaches remote areas, poorer households, or allows people to use it for emergency calls free of charge.

But at the user end of the business, we must ask this question: what gives people a greater sense of freedom and control over telephone services — being able to walk down the road to a telephone shop to buy a telephone they can install themselves or hoping a constitutionally weak consumers' centre will get BT to do it faster?

Marks and Spencer deals with customer complaints very efficiently: it maintains consumer loyalty, not through an 'M and S consumer centre', but by providing good products.

So when it comes to the use of the infrastructure, Labour should introduce more competition. A Telecommunication Authority could, like the Independent Broadcasting Authority, lease parts of the network to companies which periodically compete for franchises to offer telephone and other services. The market for equipment and accessories could be totally liberalised — all kinds of products are plugged into the electricity network, all makes of vehicle drive on the roads.

It is not just that public ownership is compatible with competition: in the telecommunications market it may be the best way to organise greater competition. As a private monopoly BT has the capacity to cut its prices below its costs to ward off competitors ('predatory pricing'). Under public ownership the government could ensure BT prices are set to allow greater competition.

WHAT OF THE second goal of increasing the control working people have over their economic lives? Here it is not ownership *per se* which counts, but the form that it takes. The government argues that under private ownership the managers of BT, and in their turn British Gas and British Airways, will have more of an incentive to improve efficiency. The City will monitor their performance, and fund managers' judgements will be reflected in the share price.

If the company underperforms, it says, investors will start selling their shares on the open market: the management will be vulnerable to a boardroom coup, takeover or bankruptcy.

This argument is largely nonsense. Both Sir George Jefferson at BT and Sir Dennis Rooke at British Gas have managed to make sure their organisations will become private monopolies, able to reap healthy enough profits to avoid bankruptcy or revolutionary actions by investors.

Labour needs another model: and one *is* available. It should draw on the experience of the employee/management buy-out at the National Freight Consortium*. Around 60 per cent of the NFC workforce holds shares in the company. Compare this with employee shareholdings in other privatised companies at the date of their flotation: Amersham International 3.7 per cent, Associated British Ports 4.3 per cent, British Telecom 4.6 per cent. Cable and Wireless 1.4 per cent, Jaguar 1.3 per cent.

Now look at these companies' financial performance to June 1985 judged by their share prices relative to other companies in the same sector. Jaguar shares have risen by 13 per cent relative to the *Financial Times* index of motor company shares; Associated British Ports up 37.6 per cent relative to *FT* industrials; Cable and Wireless up 112.4 per cent against *FT* electricals.

But NFC has seen the most dramatic improvement. Its share price is set by accountants to safeguard the controlling interest of the employees. By the beginning of 1985 a £1 share had gone up to £8.60, and there was a further upwards revision to £12.50 in the spring, an increase of 1,250 per cent.

Unlike the other companies, there are tight restrictions on the transferability of NFC shares to safeguard the employee stake. Shares cannot be bought and sold on the City's open market, Investment fund managers play little role in monitoring the company's performance; that is mainly left to the workers and management.

On the evidence, the NFC employee shareholders' monitoring of company performance is far more effective than that of the City or Whitehall. Unity Trust, the trade union 'bank', has picked up the NFC idea and is attempting to spread it to other companies via management/worker buyouts. Labour hasn't come strongly behind this trend: it should.

Though there are limits to how far employee share ownership could go (the employees of British Gas, for example, could not afford a buy-out), it is not negligible. The NFC is a largeish company. Moreover the structure of the economy is changing — for a variety of reasons smaller firms, more fertile ground for employee buy-outs, are becoming more important. Why should there not be a swathe of 'social ownership' — on the NFC model — in the small business sector?

How should Labour augment its plans for meeting the three goals of social ownership? By using competition together with state ownership to benefit the customer. It should encourage greater social ownership at the point of production rather than via the state.

Morrisonian nationalisation should be refashioned with a touch of the style of Bob Rhea. Who he? The man who started McDonalds in the UK. □

**Partnership Research, the new research agency established to encourage new thinking on employee participation, has published a valuable paper on the NFC and employees' response to share ownership. From PRL, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG.*

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Horizontal base lines indicate a single-minded, straight-forward, reliable character; would make a refreshing politician or statesman.

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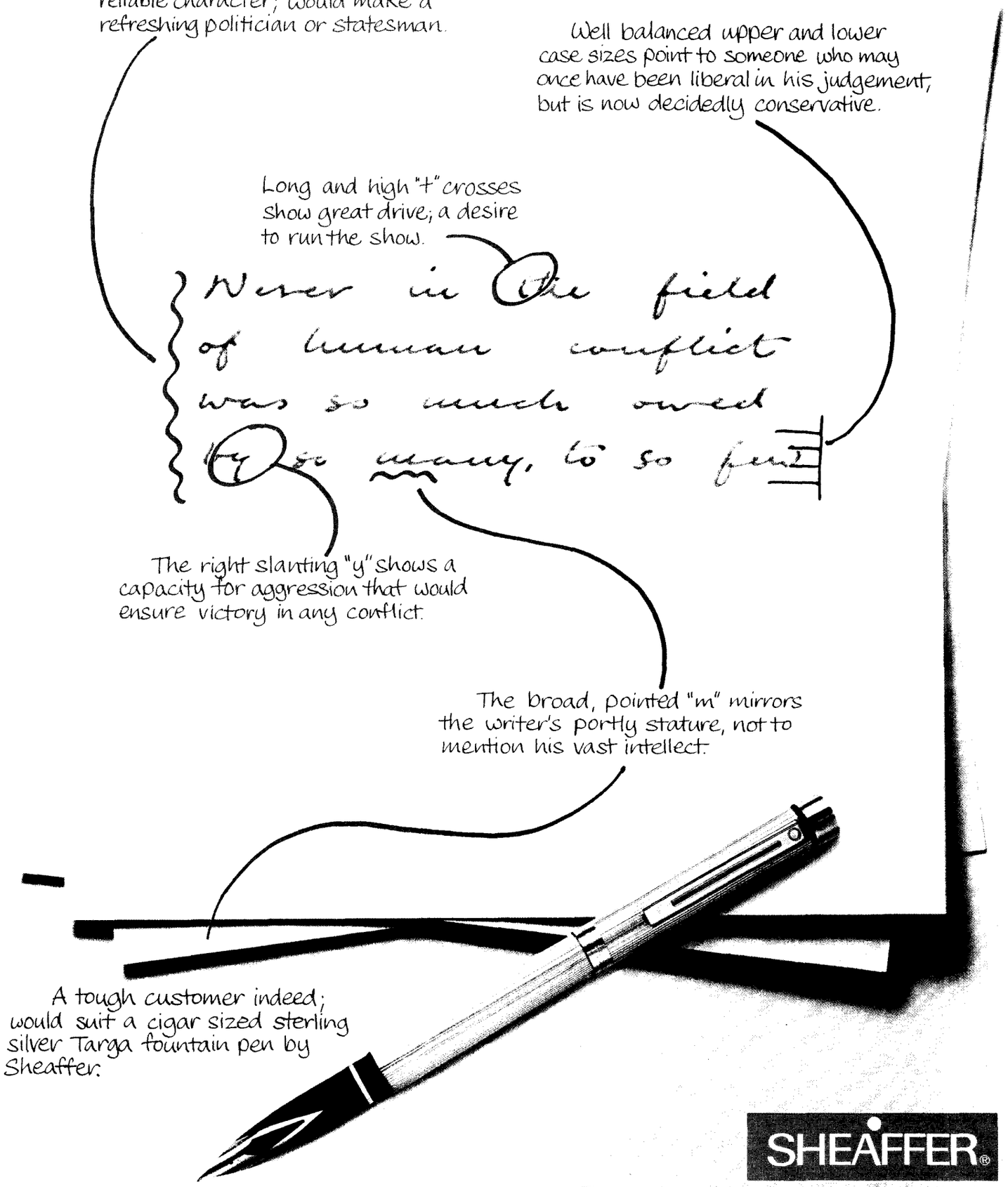
Long and high "t" crosses show great drive; a desire to run the show.

Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many, to so few.

The right slanting "y" shows a capacity for aggression that would ensure victory in any conflict.

The broad, pointed "m" mirrors the writer's portly stature, not to mention his vast intellect.



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ARTS

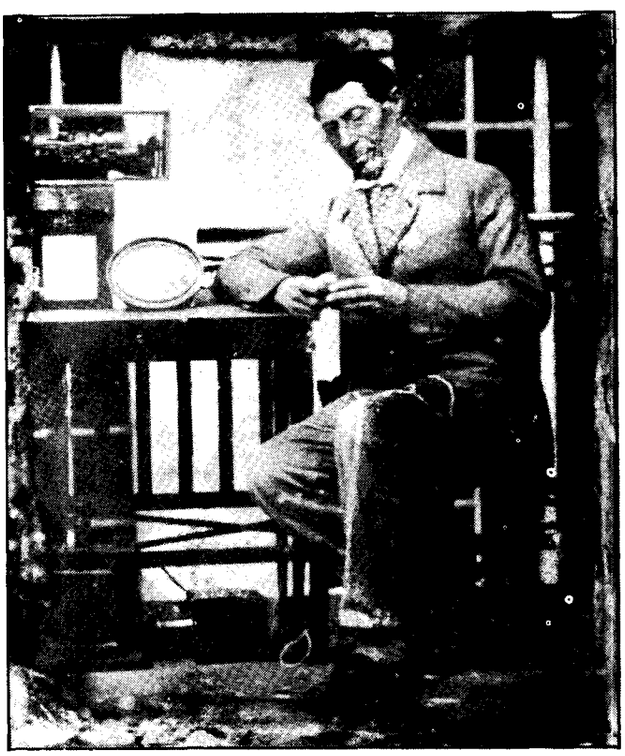
PHOTOGRAPHY

Mirror, mirror

Geoff Dyer

Staging the Self: Photographic Self-Portraits
National Portrait Gallery

Emphasising the difference between photography and painting: Edmund Kesting's self-portrait (c.1925)



But who *is* he? Unknown photographer/sitter c.1847

I SPENT HOURS last week searching for my identity: I'd lost my Travel Pass and Photocard and, without them, as far as London Transport is concerned, I'm not me.

The problem has its origin in the invention of the photograph and the advent, as Barthes notes, 'of myself as other', of the dissociation of consciousness from identity. Barthes' observation provides the starting-point for the National Portrait Gallery's excellent and thought-provoking exhibition of 200 photographic self-portraits. *Staging the Self*, as organiser James Lingwood puts it in the catalogue introduction, offers 'a partial history, a rhetoric of the self with itself, of the deciphering, questioning and building of the image and the idea of the self'. More of that later. First, the nature of the self-portrait.

The painted self-portrait contains the time (hours, days) of its own making and since, whenever it is made, it is also the product and embodiment of the skills of a lifetime, the painted self-portrait necessarily contains the whole of the painter's previous life. Hence the painted self-portrait is always explanatory. An act of intense deliberation, its outcome is always *conclusive*. Its preoccupation is not with appearance but with ontology, with appearance as the expression of being.

A medium of exteriors rather than intentions, the camera renders us objectively, as we appear to others. There is, then, something almost contradictory about the idea of the photographic self-portrait. (The main effect of Edmund Kesting's 1925 self-portrait of his hand 'painting' a photograph of his face is, ironically, to emphasise the distinctive qualities of photo and painting.) The camera is biographical rather than autobiographical. If the photographer appears at all in the photo it is usually as a shadow: as the accidental intrusion of the amateur or, in the case of Lee Friedlander, as a spectral, invading menace, stalking his subject, preying on her.

When the photographer turns the camera on him/herself there is always, however careful the staging — is it focussed properly? are the mirrors right? — something felicitous about the result. Dependent as they are on the autonomous, semi-robotic character of the camera the portraits of (and by) ourselves we like best are those which *surprise* by the intensity with which they confirm what was intended. For everyone else, excluded from this closed circuit of projection and cognition, the photographic self-portrait, on its own, concludes nothing. In a way that Van Gogh's self-portraits (saturated as they are by the personality of the artist) do not, photographic self-portraits depend on external evidence for their meaning.

Hence the extreme pathos of the 1847 Self-portrait by an *unknown* photographer. He sits there patiently in a solipsistic, ghost-like immortality. A portrait of that characteristic Victorian spectre the invisible man, Nemo. A piece of evidence without meaning. Who is he? He is someone who looked like this. But who is he?

In art and literature prior to about 1850 that question — or rather its first-person variant, who am I? — was not a dominant concern. Before that, typically, the question was 'what should I do?' Coinciding with the discovery of the means of fixing the photographic image, however, 'who am I?' and answers to that question become a dominant pre-occupation. In photographic self-portraiture identity becomes something to experiment and play with (Nadar as an American Indian), something to be projected (Steichen as painter), something to be discovered and affirmed in the vastness of America (Carleton Watkins in front of the spectacular Geyser Springs), something to be questioned (by Expressionists like Munch and Shiele), something to be cast off (by Ann Brigman who transforms herself into a naked, primordial animal), something to be flirted with and distorted, knocked down and re-constructed. With the multiplication of images the sense of a single self gives way to an awareness of the potential multiplicities contained in ourselves. This potential is both expressed and restricted by the dominant image system of our society — a system which a photographer like Jo Spence powerfully subverts and which Cindy Sherman's series of 'film-stills' (life as film) cleverly exploits.

Stated very crudely, that is the essential trajectory of *Staging the Self*. Lacking the power to

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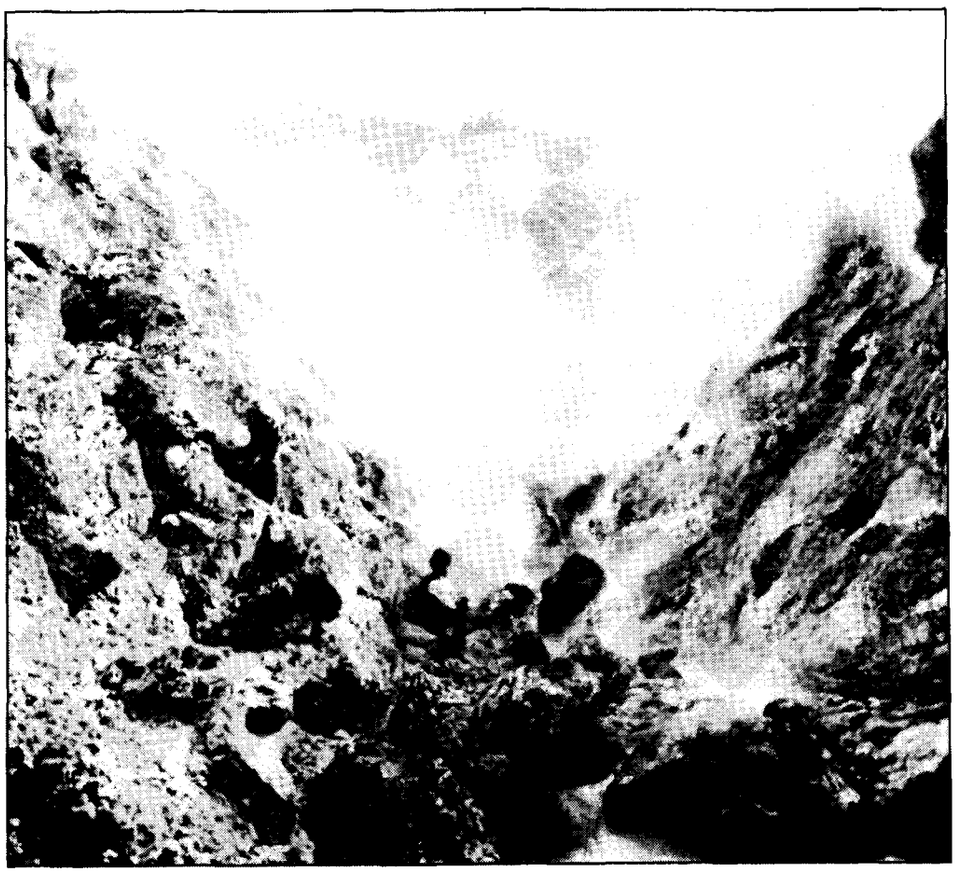

Carleton Watkins all but drowning in The Witches' Cauldron (1860s)

hypothesise, but potent as an instrument of demonstration, the transformations of the self are not produced by the camera so much as acted out before it and recorded by it. The camera becomes a receptacle of evidence that we can transform into testament. A history of self-portraits becomes a surrogate history of the self. In considering the images in the exhibition we are also invited to consider a thesis: a thesis elaborated not only by the arrangement of the prints and Lingwood's introduction, but also by a number of essays in the catalogue.

There is a sense, then, in which the images in the exhibition are both exalted by and at the mercy of the exhibition's rhetoric. There is something akin to the reflexive logic of the self-portrait here: the photographic evidence generates a thesis which in turn establishes the evidence as confirming its claims.

It may well be that in the photographic self-portraits of Schiele and Munch the modern self senses its own incoherence and abandons the old myth of unity of the self, but, to be convinced, we would require external evidence from the period about the nature, origins and effects of that psychic rupturing, a demonstration of the way actual history comes to converge in these self-portraits. A number of cross-references would need to be made. What, for example, is the relation between Schiele's photographic and painted self-portraits? Aren't the notorious portraits of himself masturbating — to be slightly glib about it — a kind of triumph of the unified self that contradicts the impulses of the photographs?

What *Staging the Self* lacks is the means for testing — proving false — its own claims. On its own, as I suggested earlier, the photographic self-portrait concludes nothing. Until it is rigorously examined by the history which envelops it (though I am not suggesting that this is a task any exhibition could reasonably be expected to perform) we remain in the realm of seductive and immensely stimulating but, finally, self-validating suggestion. □

Staging the Self *is at the National Portrait Gallery to 11 January 1987; it then travels to Plymouth, Southampton and Birmingham.*

DESIGN

All dressed up

Jules Lubbock

Where clothes lead, does architecture follow? Yes, if the rise of architect/designer Nigel Coates is anything to go by

SINCE I WROTE of my escape from the temptations of a Jasper Conran silk-velvet jacket in Brown's summer sale — 'reduced', in a manner of speaking, to 200 quid from 450, and then to a mere 150 by a mephistophelean salesman — the question on everyone's lips has been: Did I succumb? Well, I did return and covetously fingered the material; I even reserved it; but I never came back. Just as well, for on the last day of the sale there it was, in a different colour, for only 75 quid. The first principle, then, of sartorial indulgence is to wait till the end of the sales.

What restrained me was not prudence but the very opposite. Velvet apart, the Conran garment was staid compared to the linen jacket, designed by John Galliano, that I finally purchased for 50 quid. To describe it as fashionably 'off the shoulder' is an understatement. The shoulders are three feet across. The sleeves flare 18th-century style. The front is high, double-breasted, with four huge, green-and-white marbled buttons. It's cut away like a Directoire frock coat — only, in place of a tail, the excess cloth hangs in floppy folds behind. On one side is a lapel, on the other not. This preposterous clowning costume has been the source of much innocent merriment for everyone except my teenage son and a stuffy professorial colleague.

Architecture is serious but clothes aren't, runs the conventional wisdom. In fact clothes are powerful determinants of our behaviour and fundamental changes, like those occurring in men's fashions at present, will ultimately affect our buildings and our lives generally. I learnt with great interest, therefore, that Nigel Coates, an architect with great affinities to Galliano, was designing Jasper Conran's new shop in Beauchamp Place, off Knightsbridge. Three years ago I supported Coates, a tutor in his mid-thirties at the Architectural Association school who had not yet designed a single building, when his final-year students were all threatened with failure. Instead of exhibiting working drawings of conventional buildings, they created an environment out of junk sculpture, surrealist videos and freehand sketches which simulated the features they valued in cities. In contrast to the planner's neatly zoned city that goes dead at night and weekends, everything overlapped and interacted: truancy, crime and gambling took their place alongside education and science. It was an architectural extravaganza in the style of Malcolm Maclaren.

Last autumn Coates finished his first job, a restaurant in Tokyo which reproduces the Baroque Revival splendours of London's Café Royale or Budapest's Hungaria Café: a sweeping staircase, a mezzanine balcony reading room, a draped proscenium with painted scenery drops leading into the dining room and plaster casts of classical busts concealed in the shadows over the diners' heads. It also captures the spirit of Paris's waxwork museum, the Musée Grévin, beloved of the surrealists, with its ostentatiously camp *mise-en-scène* where a near naked Nureyev, his muscular back reflected in the mirror behind, dances to the applause of a waxwork Harlequin in a gilt and stucco balcony box. It is a scenographic and illusionistic architecture which modernism and centuries of the protestant ethic have almost totally purged from British buildings.

In contrast, the new Jasper Conran shop is completely understated. Its only theatricality is a row of tiny stagelights behind the window which thus becomes a proscenium framing the quasi-domestic interior. This itself is exquisitely refined: bare oak boards fixed with dowels; cabinet-made oak chests-of-drawers evoking bygone gents' outfitters and, a discreet Regency touch, torches supported by spear-like brackets which double-act

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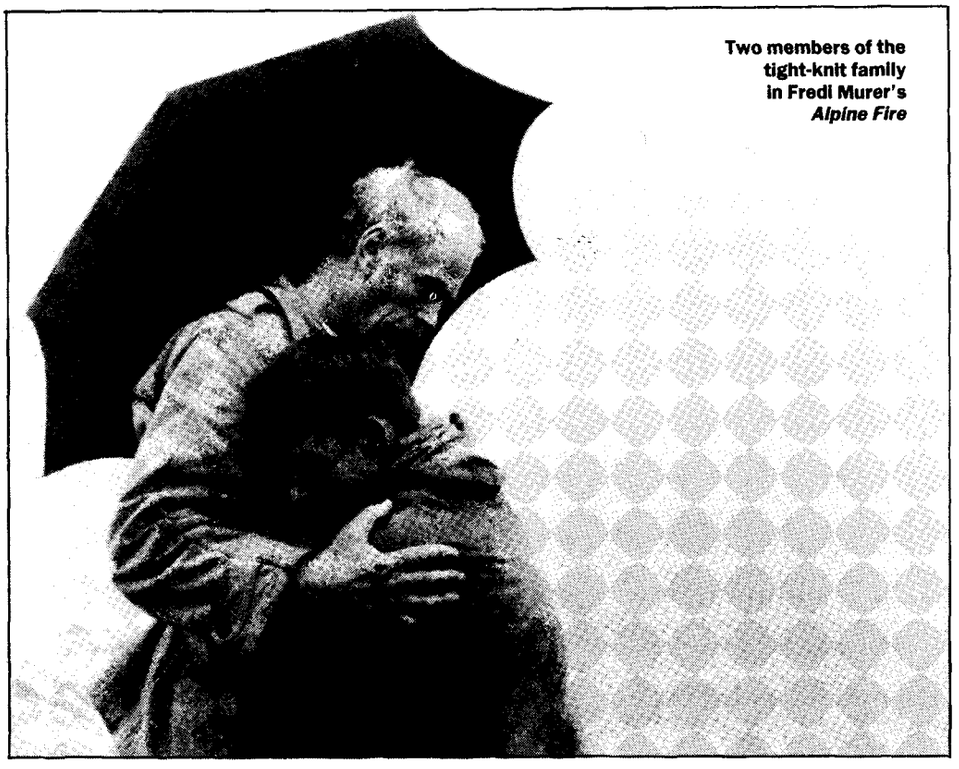
as clothes rails. In harmony with Conran's classic autumn collection it plays upon the current retro style, with a certain detachment perhaps. It is to Coates' credit that he can so accommodate his client, but I regret that his first London work should be so tame when his clients in Japan, where he is flavour of the month, continue to provide him with opportunities to create ever more exuberant settings for cafés, jazz clubs and shops.

What's the merit of it all? Economics first: the Japanese wouldn't buy a Montego from anyone, but they're queuing up for Nigel Coates' designs.

Arty design is a leading edge of the British economy — we're best at it — yet Mrs Thatcher's approach to design education, at the RCA for example, has been to axe art in favour of product and engineering design. Would Mr Kinnock and his besuited colleagues know any better? I doubt it.

Second, architecture ain't been much fun recently. Coates' street-cred architecture has the makings of an alternative both to modernism and to the stodgy heroics of the post-modern classical revival — to the architecture, in other words, of fogies old and young. □



Two members of the tight-knit family in Fredi Murer's *Alpine Fire*

CINEMA

Above the world

Judith Williamson

Top Gun (15)
Empire Leicester Square
Alpine Fire (18)
Everyman

TOP GUN ISN'T just *like* an ad for the US forces. It *is* one: made with full cooperation from the Pentagon, it places military personnel (real, not fictional) higher than film technicians on the credits. It is hardly necessary in this magazine to spell out the implications of such a project in relation to Reaganite policy and US military involvements. However, *Top Gun*'s sweeping popular success in the USA (grossing a thousand million dollars) must depend on something more than simple army propaganda.

For decades the image of the US army has been dominated by Vietnam, and the image of a US soldier most in the American public's eye has been that of a war-vet. Instead of John Wayne figures the movies offered Jon Voigt as the disabled hero of *Coming Home*; even *The Deerhunter*, despised by the left, attempted to confront this aftermath. And years after the war ended there would still be a wheelchaired, often paraplegic, veteran in every class on every course on every US campus: those same campuses that had appeared on the world's screens torn apart by the anti-war movement. One way or another Vietnam had dominated both the experience of a generation and the image of the nation.

But out of this confusion of demonstrating hippies, long-haired vets in wheelchairs, *M.A.S.H.*, dope-smoking and — one should add to the list — the half-crazed Rambo, there now emerges an absolutely pristine, unsullied image of strength and purity, riding on a generation to whom hippies are geriatric. On paper, *Top Gun*'s story of a young fighter pilot (overcomes loss of both father and best friend, finally carries out heroic deeds in a 'war') may reveal the same old Western values cranked round yet again. But in *Top Gun* the *film* you can see the phoenix-like re-birth of those values, cleansed, laundered, completely renewed, brought to us fresh and steaming with the gorgeous young bodies presented in shower-rooms for so much of the screen-time: the well-worn ideology of heroic nationalism resurfaces as smooth and unmarked as young skin. For, however old its macho theme, it is the new imagery of male narcissism that makes *Top Gun* so modern, so appealing,and — in a way — so sensuous.

Sensuous experience is the heart of the film — something critics overlooked in pointing to the weakness of its plot and dialogue (much of which goes 'Zero zero mustang roger negative vector' etc). These just aren't the main point: after all, you can get plot and dialogue any time in a novel. Only film can bring you the full physical experience of *flying* — by half-way through I sincerely wished I'd taken travel-sickness pills, so powerful is the capacity of film to reproduce the experience of movement. The title sequence is an exquisite hymn to the mobility ofmen and machines — whether or not you like what they stand for. The beauty of action and speed become more powerful than their political point, and thereby absorb it, almost in passing.

The other dimension of sensuality takes us back to the shower-room (whose imagery is generally current at the moment: e.g. the Underground ad for a department store showing a naked young man with just a towel draped round his loins). *Top Gun*'s underlying romance is between the hero and his rival: their embrace is the climax of the film, and their eye-contact produces the most *frissons*. It is no coincidence that the overt romance in the movie is between the young hero and his instructor, an *older* woman; allowing the physical focus of the film to remain on the young male bodies, presented as desirable as much as desiring.

This is all part of the mood of the moment: but it's no simple reversal of the days where men provided action and women bodies to look at. Today, men can have the action *and* the sensuality. It is interesting to compare *Top Gun* with an earlier men-and-flying film, Howard Hawks' *Only Angels Have Wings*. The difference is partly that *Top Gun* is really about *boys*, whose sexuality is more dispersed and polymorphous than the enclosed male personae of *Only Angels*. A more contemporary comparison could be made with *An Officer and a Gentleman*, which stars Richard Gere, another new male sex-symbol. But where *Officer* only promised to 'take you up where you belong' (the title song) *Top Gun* actually *does* it. And anyone who doesn't understand what a turn-on this is will never get to the heart of its political

TRAILERS

A selection of forthcoming cinema events, festivals, seasons, etc.

Alchemists of the Surreal, a varied programme of surreal and fantastic films ranging from the playful to the macabre, runs from 6 to 25 October at the ICA Cinemateque. Besides work by Bunuel, Polanski, Franju and Melies, the series offers a unique opportunity to see the disturbing and powerful animation work of the Quay brothers, whose short films play alongside those of Czech surrealist animator Jan Svankmajer. The Quay's most recent, haunting and eerily poignant animation film, *Street of Crocodiles*, also plays until the end of the month at the Camden Plaza. For details of *Alchemists* programmes call the ICA on 01-930 3647.

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power.

A completely different sensuality permeates **Alpine Fire**, directed by the little-known Fredi Murer and following the life of an isolated, tight-knit family in the high Swiss Alps. 'Following' is not really the right word: the film is so extraordinarily close to the life it depicts that it has the quality of a childhood memory, the calm immediacy of something already present. To describe the plot would be misleading, so I won't: it is the film's intimacy, its sense of cool and warmth (encapsulated in the unforgettable final image) and its mute, tactile relationship with the physical environment which make it compelling, as much as the complexity of the family relationships. Ultimately, the sense of place outlives the rest: the deaf son and his sister take the place of their father and mother, and their detailed routines continue. *Alpine Fire* is at once clear and impenetrable; what it is 'about' can't be *extracted*, and this makes it one of the very special films whose meaning and subject are inseparable from its cinematic reality. □

Apology: So convincing is Jim Broadbent's excellent portrayal of single parent Roger Miles in The Good Father *that I inadvertently used his fictional name in last week's review. Sorry.*

TELEVISION

Let it bleed

Hugo Williams

REMEMBER SCAVENGE HUNTS? I keep imagining the TV department heads summoning to their studies all those idle film crews that must be mucking about in the corridors with nothing to do and sending them out to find a feather, a stone with a hole in it, a bottle top, or, as in BBC2's **Lovelaw** (a series about the love-lives of people round the world), a used contraceptive.

'Are the teenagers of Japan casually promiscuous or dutifully chaste?' It was a question I could have forced myself to take an interest in, but the programme was staying mum on the subject. Instead, after some shots of an all-girl production of *A Tale of Two Cities*, a teenage couple called Kayou and Yoshi explained that when they want to go away together they tell their parents they are going in a group, then split up. What a daring scheme! 'It's as if a dam has burst and a torrent of sex has come pouring out,' revealed Kayou, who was obviously getting enough. 'Just looking at all the sex in the shops makes me ill.' There was no question of viewers being allowed to share in Kayou's disgust: the intriguing sex-torrent was kept under wraps. 'You see, in Japan, we do not talk about that part of the body,' he explained to our frustrated scavenge-hunter, who certainly won't be winning my Mars bar.

On to Nairobi, 'a city without parents' where half the population is under 15. The problem here is how to stop 20 per cent of the girls getting pregnant before they leave school. The answer is Dr Samuel Guitari, who gives a wonderful lecture to the girls and boys likening sex to some unspecified team sport, girls versus boys, involving goals, treasures, attacks and counter-moves. The metaphor seemed unhelpful to the outsider, but it certainly made everyone's eyes shine with determination to win.

In India, the sport simply isn't allowed. Or rather, according to our programme, it isn't desired. The substitute is films about love and 'girl-seeing ceremonies', libidinous family occasions where it is the man who sees and the girl who is seen: a sort of socialised whore-hunting where the catch is that you have to stay together for life. 'She didn't look at me once and I like that,' said one homely specimen.

Of course, the Sixties have long receded from California, where the last quarter of the show dug up its best find in Brad and Misty, fat US virgins positively oozing excess hormones. Brad and Misty felt that they were not ready for sex yet. 'I guess once a guy has had sex he wants it more,' guessed Misty, 'but with him, he hasn't had it, so I guess he doesn't know what he's looking for', One glance at Brad was enough to confirm the truth of this.

'I wanted my father filmed because I don't think people realise the extent of Alzheimer's disease,' said a long-suffering 'carer' in *Prisoners in the Home* on **Open Space** (BBC2), a film about the undead victims of this dreaded dementia. Maria, 92, is both vague and violent. She tried to strangle her daughter. 'At other times she seems to be searching for something. I think she is looking for her lost mind. She knows there is something wrong but she doesn't know what it is.' Donald's dementia-widow said there had been a period of mourning, so that when he did die the grief would be short-lived and she would feel no guilt because she had done everything she could.

If anyone should develop the stigmata of suffering it is these carers, imprisoned by a health-care system never designed to cope with the problem of Alzheimer's disease. Real bleeding nail-marks were seen this week on the palms of Jane, a perfectly ordinary housewife who appeared on a new series of **The Human Factor** (ITV). Her cross seemed to be an erring father and the day she forgave him, the marks appeared. Had they bled at all? 'Yes, they were bleeding yesterday. Now they are quiet. If I pick up anything, they start to bleed. I find it difficult washing clothes and handling things.' It was a line of reasoning that seemed vaguely familiar, but the husband had had to go along with his wife's ideas. 'Jane's looking up in the corner and the dog's looking up in the corner and there's nothing there.' It is two against one, poor man.

Jane has decided that her sore hands have healing powers. Dressed as a provocative Rhine maiden in embroidered white cowl, she lays them on the heads of the sick. Apart from some evidence of tiredness, the programme failed to come up with a satisfied customer, but the hands themselves do often bleed during services. □

Arts access for disabled people in London

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01-388 2227/8

THEATRE

Cracking up

Victoria Radin

Among the ruins of New York's theatre are flashes of brilliant light

ON AND OFF Broadway the shows that are not mummified with antiquity tend to be revues. There are magic acts, flamenco troupes, one-person impersonations of dead performers and improvisational groups (three of them). One waits in dread for the sole new Broadway show to be announced: *Raggedy Ann* (photograph of a child with the caption'The Musical with a Heart').

Meanwhile, here is our own Rowan Atkinson and, shortly, the once wildly avant-garde Living Theater's bow to backwardness with a 17th birthday celebration consisting of an evening's medley of its greatest hits. The Public Theater's first play of the season will be a series of sketches. In the fragmented, AIDS and Crack-ridden New York, one is hard pressed to find something as ontologically secure as a whole new play.

As Lily Tomlin suggests in an interview in the programme for her one-woman show, **The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe,** the 'theme is . . . forgiveness for being alive and that everybody is in this together'. Forgiveness: New York seems wallowing in collective guilt, not so much for having messed up the planet as cocked up one's life. And togetherness? Well, you have to be roped into that one when outside your Broadway theatre is one of the crummiest areas in Manhattan and, after the show, a truly Darwinian struggle to jump what passes for a queue for a taxi and get out of there.

But Tomlin's show and its script by Jane Wagner, who also directed it with a panache that rarely loses sight of its truthfulness, never forgets its proximity to the streets and, because of that, is (nearly) brilliant. With only flashes of light and occasional (and impeccable) sound effects to signal the changes, Tomlin weaves in and out of a cast of women of disparate ages and backgrounds. They are all perceived with that private, solipsistic voice that only Americans (and the Irish) seem to locate. By the end, we have discovered that most of them are related to one another.

There is the East Side Manhattan matron who is having a hard time with her fashionable hairdresser, who himself turns out to be an old street chum of the two whores who are also acquaintances of Trudy, a mystical bag lady/savant who is in contact with aliens. ('They told me: Trudy, the human mind is so strange. I said: That's nothing compared to the genitals.')

There is Agnus Angst, the teenage punk who performs at the un-Club and feels that her biggest communication with her father happens through their printed tee-shirts; her mother is now a lesbian performance artist touring Europe. That mother reappears as one of the friends of Lynn whose reminiscences, over the garage sale of her belongings following her divorce from a man who was such a good feminist that he knew what he had been doing the day Sylvia Plath died, encapsulate

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the leftish middle-class female experience over the past 15 years.

Wagner's writing is beautifully spare, rhythmical, keenly observed and always hoping (though, with the bag lady, occasionally straining) to make philosophical points: the evening is as satisfying as reading a book of short stories (the current vogue literary form). Tomlin is an extraordinarily adept performer, not so much a mimic as an embodiment of each character through voice and mime. She is essentially tomboyish and wears an unassertive trouser suit throughout the evening — a relief from the strenuously glamourised, nearly drag-queen effect of most one-women shows; there is also none of their confessional masochism. The show, which just finished a year's run on Broadway (where it won a fistful of awards) is shortly to go to Los Angeles and possibly to London.

Agnus Angst could easily be a character in **The Concept**, a curious revival of a long-running off-Broadway hit of the late Sixties, about drugs, which played to Nixon in the White House. Like the original eight performers, the current team are all residents or former residents at Datop Village, one of the major drug rehabilitation centres in New York, and the evening has been devised by the original director, Lawrence Sacharow, from their own improvisations. The experiences are apparently similar to those in the first show but the difference is their pervasiveness: 'The drugs that were the subculture of the 1960s are the culture in the 1980s,' a director of Daytop told the *New York Times*. I went to the show in the same week that a very intelligent and wealthy NY friend of mine saw her daughter of 16 shipped, along with half a quarter of her posh Manhattan private day school, to a rehabilitation hospital in Minnesota.

The performers in the play include two blacks and six whites and range in age from about 17 to 34 and in background from well-to-do middle class to poor South Bronx. They play under their real names and, presumably, tell us their real experiences: the high school suburban princess who, alone in her parents' house, takes a combination of pills and drink for no apparent reason and hears her father weeping as she lies zonked under a stomach pump; the black teenager who supplements her bank clerking by a little 'night work'; or Ursula, the German dealer whore who swallows her 'spike' when she forgets it's in her mouth. Ursula's answering machine message is: 'I'll get back to you if I feel like it,' (which is accurate for all New York, if unusually frank). But she is divested of her hostility at one of the centre's 'marathons': a three day encounter group where the people learn to 'express their feelings'.

At least half the show is concerned with the process or 'concept' of the characters' therapy. Ursula learns to ask for love and Carl, a middle-class holder of several university degrees, an ironist who supplies much of the evening's humour (also, in an inevitably patchy ensemble, a truly exceptional performance) to ask for help. I was moved despite myself but seized up when the members of the cast came out into the audience and asked for love and hugs; though most of the preview audience were keen to oblige. Still, despite a certain wooliness, the evening has a huge and steady sincerity and probably should be seen by just about every New York school child. □

Books

Lewis Nkosi

The South African writer's tale

Lewis Nkosi

As a sequel to our two-part survey of publishing and South Africa (NS 26 September) a black South African writer in exile juggles with the possibilities of a Book Boycott

IT WAS ONLY to be expected that increasing demands for trade sanctions against South Africa would, in turn, lead to some deeper focusing on the perennial issue of the cultural boycott. The debate on trade sanctions has been with us at least since the Fifties and that of a cultural boycott since the early Sixties. Both arouse deep emotions, both are difficult to implement, but there are crucial differences between the two types of boycott.

A trade boycott is not only actuated by a desire to express disapproval of the South African regime, a motive shared by the proponents of a cultural boycott; trade sanctions are also an attempt to cripple the South African economy and by so doing to exert pressure on the regime to change its policies. On the other hand, this is not an objective which a cultural boycott can realistically set itself. As I myself have sometimes put it: it is difficult to see how a state as powerful as South Africa can be brought down by a rhyming couplet.

Indeed, a favourite argument of those who do not support the cultural boycott is that the South African government doesn't care a hoot about culture; that it can only tacitly approve the exclusion from the country of what it considers to be subversive works of art. By extension this argument also has it that a cultural boycott can only deprive those (by which it is meant white South Africans) who are likely to be improved or even changed by exposure to works of contemporary art, though whether white recipients of this gift of exposure are then led to join the movement for change always remains an open question.

All the same, any artist is obliged to take this argument seriously; after all, an admission that a work of art alters nothing is in some way to declare oneself irrelevant as an artist. And the evidence from Latin American dictatorships and South Africa itself, where the regimes react to powerful works of art, whether books, films or music, by proscribing them and persecuting their creators, reveals that they take these works more seriously than we sometimes tend to assume. An Ethiopian playwright once recalled how the late Emperor Selassie agreed to sanction a production of *Julius Caesar* in Amharic only on condition that the play should be changed, with Brutus as the victim of the assassination rather than the mighty Caesar.

So if works of art can be such a thorn in the side of dictators why approve of a cultural boycott? First, boycotts are often launched by principled men and women in pursuit of a certain ideal, but they are not themselves matters of principle. They are only tactics and instruments that can be changed, modified or applied selectively. Much more important, the South African liberation movements, speaking in the name of their people, have asked for a cultural boycott. They have asked world artists to participate as a way of expressing solidarity with the oppressed. Is anyone to argue that it would have been wrong to ask artists to refuse to perform on the stage of Nazi Germany?

On the practical side, there is little doubt that certain types of boycott hurt the South African regime enormously. Sport is one example. Whatever cosmetic changes have been achieved to accommodate black participation in international sport has been the result of such pressure on South African policy-makers. Music, especially popular

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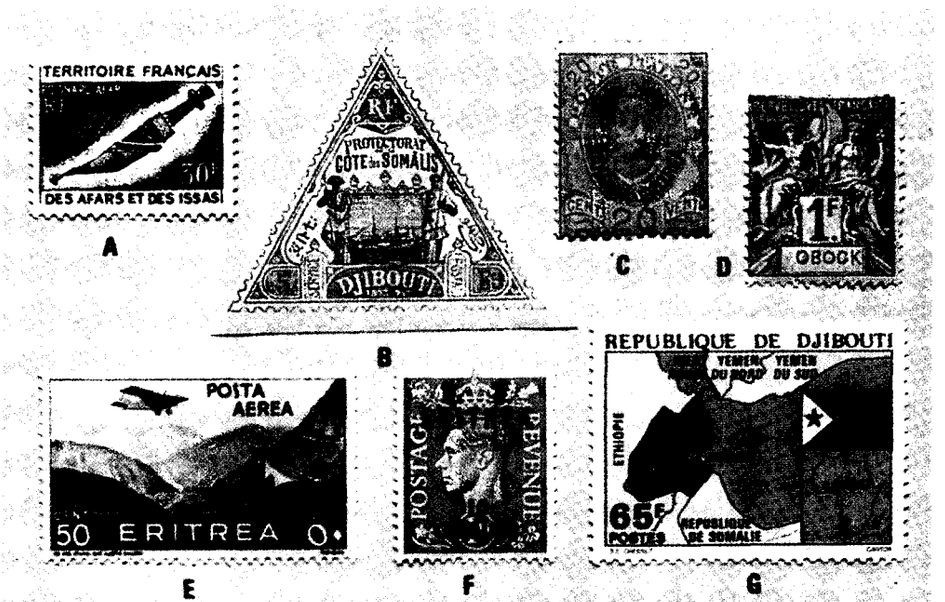
music, is another area in which boycotts have hurt, if only because they create among white South Africans powerful feelings of resentment at their isolation; and hopefully some of this resentment may be directed against the regime itself or its hateful policy of apartheid.

The impact of the playwrights' boycott is less easy to assess. To begin with, there is reason to suppose that theatre's centre of gravity has shifted away from the Western world; South Africa itself has now created a powerful theatrical movement which can easily fill the vacuum left by the playwrights' boycott — though this is no justification for abandoning it. Film-makers are in a more powerful position in this context.

Recently, there has been a call to extend the cultural boycott to books. This stuck in the craw of those of us who thought books belonged to an entirely separate category. But the question persists: why should the authors of novels be privileged over playwrights? It is easy to see why Frank Sinatra or Stevie Wonder should not go to sing in South Africa. Apart from their skill with song, they actually take their *bodies* there. By so doing, they lend their immense prestige and glamour to the propaganda of those who wish to create an impression of a 'sunny South Africa'. But books! Floating across the seas in boxes and perhaps bearing, apart from their ideas and their plots, only the photographs of their authors! What kind of collaboration can they be supposed to enter into with Botha?

I think one of the reasons why books seem to be in a separate category is that once produced they can travel anywhere in the world without their authors forming part of the infrastructure of their distribution or consumption. Plays may seem to be in the same category, but only superficially. Theatrical productions are a collective activity. Even if playwrights refuse to accompany their plays to South Africa, their plays still depend for their interpretation on a group of local producers, directors and actors. But book distributors cannot be said to control the interpretation of novels. Certainly, it would be odd to withdraw *The Communist Manifesto* from the black townships under the illusion that one were thus harming the government of President Botha. □

Lewis Nkosi is Professor of Literature at the University of Zambia. His first novel Mating Birds *has just been published here by Constable.*



A Afars & Issas:French Colony 1974; B Somali Coast:French Colony 1894; C Eritrea:Italian Colony 1893; D Obock:French Colony 1892; E Eritrea:Italian Colony 1936; F Eritrea:British Administration 1950; G Djibouti:Republic 1977.

A friend just sent me a postcard from the Marshall Islands (a UN Trusteeship/US testing-ground, but at least they've now got their own stamps) which reminded me of my impractical childhood ambition to own a stamp from every ephemeral territory, occupation zone or free city that had ever issued one. Others could keep their penny reds and glossy mint sets of Rumanian athletes; I preferred muddy imperforates overprinted in Cyrillic script, and the pride of my album was one of the (sadly almost worthless) Latvian issues printed on the back of captured German war maps in 1918. Memel, Fiume and Banat Bacska — obsessed with the loose ends of nationalism and imperialism I'd have loved THE STAMP ATLAS (Macdonald, £14.95), the fruit of many years' research by John Flower and the late Stuart Rossiter. It contains comprehensive details of everywhere that's ever merited its own stamp, overprint or special postmark, descriptions of postal services and elaborate maps, backed by slightly idiosyncratic summaries of world history from the 17th century. A few printing errors, a few ill-chosen pictures, but Macdonald — who suddenly have a standard work on their list among all the cocktail and knitwear books — can sort those out in later editions. (Malcolm Imrie)

FANTASY

Change of life

Colin Greenland

THERE MUST BE a sociological explanation. While authors of fantasy fiction for the 'young adult' — Robert Westall, say, and Diana Wynne Jones — challenge their readers with characters and relationships depicted in considerable complexity, whole piles of fantasy novels aimed at and presumably sold to a broader adult market display structures and attitudes derived from juvenile fiction of the most outdated and reactionary kinds.

Analysed acutely, Elizabeth H. Boyer's **The Elves and the Otterskin** (Corgi, £2.50) is probably morphologically identical to the boys' prep school story of 50 years ago. (For 'hero' read 'prefect' throughout.) Ivarr thinks being in charge of the Lower Fourth (here, band of elves) will be a bit of a tall order. They squabble like billy-o and pinch one another's tuck, but they're the best of chums really and know how to pull together when they're up against slimy customers like Lorimer. (For 'necromancer', read 'bully'.)

Mike Jeffries' **The Road to Underfall** (Fontana, £2.95) is equally juvenile at heart. Part of it takes place in a pony school, though there is otherwise rather more mutilation and doom than I remember Pat Smythe going in for; more *rich* (elsewhere, *harsh*) *laughter in darkness*. Fontana's copywriter has claimed for this one the heritage of Tolkien, but without being able to spell his name. Jeffries is nothing like Tolkien, *or* Stephen Donaldson. His book is incoherent, delirious and precipitate. He begins with the apocalyptic battle and the distribution of rewards to dozens of characters we haven't met yet, child-warriors all, and it's only volume one of 'Loremasters of Elundium'.

Peter Morwood's **The Dragon Lord** (Arrow, £2.95) is 'his stunning sequel to *The Demon Lord*' and, we may infer, to *The Horse Lord*; nor is the tale yet done. Aldric Talvalin labours on: betrayed by his king, hostage in a foreign empire, seduced by a treacherous courtesan, and agonising all the while, as a 23-year-old hero must, about faith and honour. Aldric will be all right. He is blessed by a dragon, 'a beast, a creature, a being from the depths of legend of many people, alive and magnificent in the clear cold air . . . glinting dark and glorious against the azure arch of Heaven.' It's not hard to clock up the volumes with your thesaurus set on automatic. Dragon dialogue, though, is tricky. Elizabeth Boyer's Fafnir says 'Tush!' and 'Bah!' but wisely attempts no mediaevalisms. Peter Morwood's Ymareth manages 'thou namest' but on the same page as 'thee taught me'. The editors at Arrow have been kind enough not to interfere, nor to give anyone credit for the illustrations, though they are surely the author's own.

The needs of the past are better served, for some reason, by American authors. Published here last year by Futura was Parke Godwin's *Firelord*, the memoirs of a historical Arthur campaigning to unite and defend a Britain fragmented after the withdrawal of the legions. **Beloved Exile** (Bantam, £2.95) is the sequel, the memoirs of Guinevere, beginning with the king's death and burial at

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Glastonbury. Even more striking than *Firelord* for its rigorous eschewal of mysticism and glamour, *Beloved Exile* portrays a woman born to rule beset by powers brawling to take the realm apart again, and by her own menopause. This Guinevere is a tough, impatient and not entirely pleasant person; ultimately rather too revised, too right on, but a thoroughly explored and wholly compelling character.

Jim Crace steps aside from history and geography in **Continent** (Heinemann, £4.95), a book of seven stories from an imaginary and unnamed seventh continent (counting Eurasia, I suppose, as one). The world is our own, now; most of the stories centre on conflicts between local traditions actual and assumed, and invasive modernity from Europe and America. An ageing calligrapher is subjected to the depredations of ignorant and extravagant collectors; a sophisticated young biologist prepares to inherit his father's business, lucratively exploiting rural superstition; a Canadian visitor, a jogger, is made to run a race against the finest horseman in the valley for the approval of the old men. Crace's cool and measured diction, his evocative restraint, his keen sense of life and death invisibly and inflexibly awarded, all invite complimentary comparison with Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Austerely perfect as his stories are, I was left wishing only that these invented regions might have been less familiar, less directly analogous by turns to Colombia and Greece and Morocco.

Why is no one, not even Terry Pratchett, his closest adherent these days, marketed with the slogan: 'Classic fantasy in the great tradition of Fritz Leiber'? As the man who christened the sub-genre of 'sword and sorcery' and spent 40 years elaborating much of its potential in his chronicles of Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser, he certainly deserves acknowledgement. Perhaps it is just that the series (one novel, five short story collections) has been too long out of print and out of the public eye. Grafton are now remedying the omission with uniform reprints. **Swords in the Mist** (£2.50), the third volume, contains the first story Leiber wrote, 'Adept's Gambit', a virtuoso Freudian nightmare from 1935, still astonishing today. Overwritten, certainly, and showing occasional infelicities from their composition for pulp magazines, these tales have a firmness of tone, audacious invention and caustic irony that signify a maturity today's fantasists seem to shrink from. □

FICTION

Deus in machina

Adrianne Blue

Roger's Version
JOHN UPDIKE *Deutsch* £9.95

THIS IS A BRAVE leap in the novel, one that will take us places, even though it appears that John Updike, the sexy, sweet-natured gent of American letters, has rather stubbed his toe.

Roger's Version refutes the gospel of science; that refutation is not its importance, indeed, may be dead wrong. What is important is that John Updike has brought physics into the centre of the mainstream novel.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, in *The Centaur*, he wrote about a teacher-father and his student-son who were very *there*, utterly contemporary, but who were also, in the mind's eye of the author, embodiments of Chiron and Prometheus. Mythology suffuses that novel like the fine aroma of wood smoke and then thickens till we choke on it.

Even when *The Centaur* appeared it was out-of-synch with the times to use classical mythology as a source of metaphor in the contemporary novel. Readers no longer knew mythology intimately; many didn't know it at all. So, none of the resonances which a writer seeks in metaphor would hum; the writer was jabbering in a sound-proof booth. Mythology, the tall tale that preceded the Bible, was originally an explanation of cosmology. Surely what we needed now was the stuff of science, particulary physics, with its Big Bang, the new authorised version of the Creation.

Talking dirty and talking God have always interested Updike, about equally. In *A Month of Sundays* (1975) his preacher narrator links sex and religion in a moist stream of self-consciousness. In *Roger's Version*, Roger Lambert, a suave professor of religion at an East-coast university uses sophisticated intellectual wiles and his own wife's body to foil a computer hacker's passionate attempt to make God a matter of fact rather than of faith.

'The most miraculous thing is happening,' the big-boned hacker who wants a postgraduate grant explains, earnestly. 'The physicists are getting down to the nitty-gritty, they've really just about pared things down to the ultimate details, and the last thing they ever expected to happen is happening. God is showing through. They hate it, but they can't do anything about it. Facts are facts. And I don't think people in the religion business, so to speak, are really aware of this — aware, that is, that their case, far-out as it's always seemed, at last is being *proven*.'

The odds that life as we know it would ever exist by chance are so minute, the computer man argues, it must be a miracle: 'take the mass of the neutron: if it were only point nine nine eight of its actual value, that's point oh oh two less, less than *that* much' — his fingers show a hairline crack — 'free protons would decay into neutrons via positron emission and there would be no atoms at all!' There are pages of this sort of technical exegesis and, after the promising beginning, it is, alas, hard going for the reader. Harder than it would be, I think, if Updike had had the confidence to translate the science into metaphor. What he does here — either because he is enthralled with this new catechism (such exotic terminology) or because he is frightened of misreporting it — is to regurgitate unnecessarily dense sections of text book-ese.

At a party, the evil divinity professor sics a physicist who knows '*exactly* how life arose' on Dale:

> But you're going to say, how about us? How were the organic molecules introduced? Well, not to get too technical, some of the amino acids, di- and tricarboxylic acids, make some metal ions, like aluminium, more soluble. This gives us a proto-enzyme . . . Heterocyclic bases like adenine have a tendency to stick between the layers of clay; pretty soon, relatively speaking, you're going to get some RNA-like polymer, with its negatively charged backbone, interacting with the edges of clay particles, which tend to bear a positive charge. *Then* — listen, I know I'm boring the pants off you . . .

Updike's fault, it is often said, is over-writing; prose that is dayglow purple on occasion; gorgeous sentences that slap you in the face when they ought only to caress. Here he has eschewed all that, no doubt partly in the service of character. He drowns us in buckets of scientific detail, presented as dinner conversation or cocktail party patter, when if he selected the right spoonful and rephrased it in elegant Updike-ese this brackish water would become wine. Sex and God and physics would become a trinity. And we would understand. □

Time for hustlers

Val Wilmer

Buck Clayton's Jazz World
BUCK CLAYTON assisted by NANCY MILLER ELLIOTT *Macmillan* £15

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, was a Mecca for jazz musicians in the 1930s. Under the flourishing, corrupt regime it was a wide-open town, where gamblers came to hustle and musicians to prove themselves.

Trumpeter Buck Clayton already had a hometown reputation. He'd left sleepy Parsons, Kansas, on a freight-train bound for California and ended up spending two high-living years in China. He was en route to New York with mind set on fame and fortune when he was swayed by the unique assemblage of musicians congregating in Kansas City. Some of these — historical figures like saxophonist Lester 'Pres' Young and drummer Jo Jones — were with Count Basie. The Count paid a pittance — early days — but he wanted the trumpeter, too, for his 'band that plays the blues'.

'Jamming' in Kay-Cee was part of the process and Clayton decided on self-promotion with a session downtown. Shortly he was joined by two other hornmen, gradually more. Soon trumpeters were coming out of the woodwork, eager to do battle with the *arriviste*. Writing of the occasion in his autobiography, Clayton says, 'They really had blood in their eyes.' It's a dramatic description of the eager protagonists, though they were doing nothing worse than celebrating their individuality.

Playing jazz was one of the few paths away from manual labour then available to Afro-Americans. Having grown up in different areas, musicians prided themselves on their uniqueness. As communications improved and distinctiveness blurred, possessing a 'personal sound' was to become less common — and, as opportunities for Blacks opened up elsewhere, many potentially original stylists were lost to the music — but the early competitive environment was responsible for nurturing the Clayton sound, described in Humphrey Lyttelton's foreword as 'a tone of

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deeply burnished gold', long one of the joys of mainstream jazz.

It was not, however, for his mature persona, with its brilliant, daring attack, that Clayton first became known. With Basie he shared trumpet chores with Harry 'Sweets' Edison, generally playing tightly-muted. It was the elegant, cut-glass precision this produced that set off Billie Holiday's sweet-sour voice on many classic recordings. Listening to her sing in the studio, Clayton became an alter ego: 'filling in the windows', he calls it.

Now he admits that he hated that cup-mute. And, in this comfortable, unassuming memoir, he actually 'admits' little else. He takes us from corn-town to Shanghai and via the army to international recognition, displaying racial pride and personal integrity, but, apart from a number of 'personal confessions', there is not nearly enough on those innovative artists whose echoes still reverberate through music. Those who cherish the myth of bloody rivalry between Basie's two tenors, Young and Herschel Evans, will be intrigued at the revelation that Pres taught Evans' replacement, Buddy Tate, some of his predecessor's licks, but tantalised at not being told any more.

For three decades, although he has been unable to play for the last few years, Clayton has been lionised in Europe. Pride in his musical contribution helped sustain him through a gruelling illness and the tragic loss of his son. He keeps busy writing music and lecturing, continuing to display, modestly, the badge of courage that made his music so human and good. □

YOUNG ADULTS

Growing pains

Adèle Geras

THERE'S A PICTURE BOOK by Jan and Stan Berenstain called *Old Hat, New Hat* in which a bear rejects one delicious creation after another in favour of the hat he came in with. The others are 'too beady, too bumpy, too messy, too lumpy' and so on, but his own hat is 'just right'. Getting young people to read something unfamiliar is sometimes as hard as persuading the Berenstain Bear but, in the case of most of these books, worth a try.

Reading a miscellany of writings by young women like **True to Life** (ed. Susan Hemmings, Sheba, £4.95) is like opening a thousand diaries: secrets of all kinds flood out. A lot of it is sobering stuff for an adult, much of it is moving, and some of the pieces are sharp and funny, especially the poems. It is good to hear voices normally silent speaking so clearly. Girls will want to read it, and older women and men should whether they want to or not.

Two other books with their hearts in the right place are Anthony Masters' **Badger** (Methuen, £6.95) and Nigel Gray's **Shots** (Lutterworth, £6.95). *Badger* is about the horrific 'sport' in which badgers and specially bred terriers tear each other to pieces. It works well in convincing its readers of the vileness of such practices, but I wanted more of the intriguing personal dramas taking place around the edges of the main story. *Shots* has the advantage of a fine cover illustration by Alun Hood, and the story is quite exciting, saying many of the things that ought to be said about racism. It's a shame, therefore, that some of the writing is flat ('Neither Sally nor Everton had been to London before so everything was new and interesting . . .') and that the characters who do come to life are not the heroine and hero, but Mr Galvin who bakes inedible bread, and Sally's little brother Joe. Even more importantly, an individual villain would be easier to fear than a faceless fascist mob for the child of about eleven whom one envisages reading this book.

Yatesy's Rap by Jon Blake (Viking Kestrel, £5.95), written in a totally believable first person, fizzes over the page, leaving its readers exhausted from laughing, crying and just keeping up. 'What bugs me about writing,' says the narrator on the last page, 'is that no matter how hard you try, it ain't life or even a patch on it. Still, I hope I ain't bored you, 'cos there's nothing worse than being bored.' Lack of boredom absolutely guaranteed here, and something to think about at the end, what's more.

The cover of **The Others** by Alison Prince, Queen of *NS* Compers, (Methuen, £7.95) does the book less than justice. This is science-fiction: a world where, after 'The Accident', people are designed physically to carry out specific kinds of work. Our hero is a gardener, and naturally his hair is green twine. This is fine written down, but seeing it is a little disconcerting. The story has plenty of humour ('I suppose, being a broadcaster, he has a horror of openness') and the details are fun, but there's an awful lot of explaining done before the adventures can start.

Fantasy writer Diana Wynne Jones needs no introduction, and **Archer's Goon** (Magnet, £1.75) will delight admirers of her peculiarly civilised weirdness. She has the gift of making the most extraordinary events seem possible, and her first sentence should be a model for all writers. Lynne Reid Banks has written for every age-group with utmost honesty and grace and **Return of the Indian** (Dent, £7.95) will be a pleasure for anyone who wonders what became of Little Bull at the end of *The Indian in the Cupboard*.

The last two books in this selection are the best of all. Zibby Oneal, an American writer, has produced a beautiful novella: **In Summer Light** (Gollancz, £6.95). Kate, recovering from glandular fever, spends the summer with her family in their island home. Her father, Marcus Brewer, is a famous painter. A postgraduate student is staying with them, cataloguing the great man's work. Kate falls in love, comes to terms with her father's difficult genius, understands her mother better, and rediscovers her own creativity. The prose, like a picture, is full of light and colour, and the meadow beside the house and the sea breaking on the rocks acquire importance in all kinds of ways. Kate is writing a paper on *The Tempest* and the Brewers' island parallels Prospero's almost exactly. As well as the magician, and Kate as Miranda, Ariel's there, together with an unlikely Caliban in the shape of the unprepossessing Frances. This book stays in the mind like the memory of a perfect summer day.

The Sugar Factory by Robert Carter (Angus & Robertson, £6.95) has already won a prize in Australia, and it's easy to see why. The writer is a psychologist who knows what he's talking about. The narrator, Harris Berne, tells us his story as a kind of therapy: 'because I sort of hope that every time someone reads it I'm going to feel a bit better.' It is a harrowing account, both humorous and horrifyingly sad, poetic and straightforward, and with no concessions made for 'young' readers. In all probability, it's only the age of the hero that places it on a list of teenage fiction, and like all the best books it deserves to be judged simply as a novel. Harris, his parents, Helen and her children, the dreadful Jacquiline and the inmates of the cottage: you suffer for all of them, and cling to the small hope offered at the end. It's a book of tremendous force and the cover does not let it down — a splendid painting by John Mitchell. Robert Carter, write another book soon. □

Adèle Geras' most recent book for young adults, Happy Endings, *will be published next week by Hamish Hamilton.*

Away a long time

Oliver Harris

Demon Box
KEN KESEY *Methuen* £10.95

MOST NOVELISTS have only one real novel inside them. Some bring it out in instalments and some repeat the same one again and again. Others cut while the going is good. Ken Kesey, immortalised as a cult-figure in Tom Wolfe's enraptured documentary *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, chose the last option.

Kesey has consistently demonstrated a curious ambivalence to the writing career seemingly mapped out for him after his début with *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, a novel whose fame grew with the success of the film version. It is as if Hollywood and Wolfe's New Journalism did what Kesey himself was reluctant to do: market him. Wolfe quoted him complaining that, in retrospect, even *Cuckoo's Nest* 'seems like an elaborate commercial'. With the profits from his two novels (the second being *Sometimes a Great Notion*, 1964) he turned his back on literature to fund and lead the Acid antics of his celebrated Merry Pranksters. He and Tim Leary were, in contrasting styles, the High Priests of High Times: cue jaded flashbacks of The Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Haight-Ashbury Hippies and Hell's Angels. Tony Tanner rightly observed that his bacchanalia on their dayglo travelling bus, piloted by Neil Cassady, became a kind of third novel, with Kesey himself the hero. But even that path as Pied Piper was, in turn, abandoned. The Cuppa-Soup of the Spirit, key to the doors of perception, was, publicly at least, turned off, tuned out, dropped.

While the Kesey legend has been maintained by his fans, it is only in the last few years that he has emerged from the sidelines and backwaters, his soft Oregon drawl now to be heard on the reading and lecturing circuit. Perhaps the last dust of

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Sixties fallout had to settle before *Demon Box* could appear. But Kesey has always been a cryptic guru and the new work, returning to the past as much as catching up with the present, raises more questions than it answers. The Prankster project had been 'transcending the bullshit', so it is with a provocative irony that *Demon Box* finds Kesey mainly down on his Oregon farm, knee-deep in bulls and shit.

His new work is actually a collection of material that ranges from 1968 to 1986, from the tail-end of the Hippy era to Reagan's America. Kesey is a survivor who, with apparent literalism, has translated the Sixties message of Do Your Own Thing into Voltaire's conclusion to the picaresque adventures of *Candide*: '*Il faut cultiver notre jardin*.' Kesey writes of a rural domesticity whose Hicksville mundanity corresponds to yet another refusal to play the narcissistic intellectual games of the artificer. And, from the perpetual motion of the psychedelic bus, he has returned to the rooted pastoralism of the land. His feet are not just on, but in the ground.

His tales from animal farm revel in a cute anthropomorphism. Foxes emit 'yips of ornery delight', his cattle don't moo, they talk back. Cows struggle in labour and bulls rampage on heat. *Nostalgie de la boue*? It is all uncomfortably folksy, as are the homespun parables attributed to 'Grandma Whittier'. This is particularly tiresome since *Demon Box* does contain some very fine writing indeed. Kesey is at his best when out of Oregon on magazine assignments abroad, producing comic masterpieces of New Journalism on location in Egypt and China, or when returning to mourn the fallen idols of the Sixties.

Conscious of the inherent dangers in any memorial to John Lennon, Kesey insists that 'Now We know How Many Holes It Takes To Fill The Albert Hall' is not a 'nickel valentine to a dead superstar'. The piece concludes by tying together the tensions addressed in the book as a whole, between Sixties idealism and Eighties cynicism. Kesey admits to having heard no 'Pollyana pie-in-the-sky promises' lately, while Hunter Thompson confirms the spirit of the times: 'Today's wiseman has too much brains to talk himself out on that kind of dead-end limb.' Struggling against this anti-nostalgic pragmatism, Kesey uneasily states the case for Lennon-esque imagining: 'Else how are we going to be able to look that little bespectacled Liverpudlian in the eye again, when the revolutionary Roll is Up Yonder called?' A case of bad conscience, perhaps?

In 'The Day After Superman Died' Kesey reports the death of Cassady, who enters the pantheon of comic-strip heroes that makes up Kesey's mythological America. It is an exemplary story of great emotional intensity based on Cassady's enigmatic last words: 'Sixty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty eight.' Kesey deciphers the numbers as the heroic counting of railroad sleepers between two Mexican towns, so satisfying his need for some 'comforter of last-minute truth' from his old partner in pranksterism.

In China Kesey deprecates the image of the 'Big-time Writer' abroad, signalling his resistance to a return to the glitter of the literary game. So, in *Demon Box*, Kesey revisits the Sixties and Literature in order to come to terms with them. Fittingly the collection concludes with his last encounter with the barbarians on bikes in 'Last Time the Angels Came Up'. The Magical Mystery Tour peters out in brute pointlessness, echoing the down-beat ending to Wolfe's documentary: 'WE BLEW IT!'

Demon Box seems to be a reprise and a prelude, a promotional recollection announcing Kesey's return to centre stage. 'I been away a long time,' were the last words of *Cuckoo's Nest*. Kesey is back and *Demon Box*, with its faults and its hard-won triumphs, its unexpected novelties and puzzling mix of genres, is another, cooler, prank. □

Café de Blanc wet night life

N. A. B. Jordan

It was about five o'clock in the morning.
It was belting down with rain, on the
rough, pebble road, where I was
drinking my black coffee, in the
Café de Blanc

I was by the window, that's how I was
able to see the conquering behaviour,
of the weather.

I felt so at ease, France to me
was a nice place at night. I loved
their narrow streets, and the weird renaults
they drove around in.

But what I liked most of all
was the soothing and miserable
music, which I was hearing out
of the juke box.

It just made me have this
funny, awareness of Sensation.
That in a way, I was away
from it all, and in a paradise
which could only appeal to me.

By now my raincoat was like a fisherman's mac,
Wet but not as smelley.
My trousers slightly flaired, vented a passageway
for the heavy breeze, to gain access up my
trouser leg.
I must say, it was a tremendous stimulation.
I like it emphatically.

Anyway when my bonazza of fun
finished, Dawn dawned on me, and
I knew my fascination of the night,
was drawing to an end.
For another day, was getting ready
to be born, and suddenly my weird
Inspiration for enjoying life had disappeared.

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Greens not so green

Peter Lang, Green Party press officer, London N17

Sarah Benton's report (*NS* 26 September) on the state of the Green Party was disappointing. She says that the Greens' determination to focus on the 'politically neutral' environment is our raison d'etre — and we thereby avoid class politics and political conflict.

Her account misses several crucial factors: firstly we believe the 'politically neutral' environment will bring down all governments committed to economic growth. The plant will not allow such governments to function, for economic growth will soon make the Earth unfit for human existence.

Second, she sidesteps the Greens' commitment to a political system where ordinary people make decisions about their lives — whether those decisions are made in government, business, or by landlords.

Finally a factual correction. Several Maingreen supporters have *not* been elected to Party Council. Members of the party were clearly angry at the calling of a private meeting with the aim of 'controlling' the Party Council as the Ekins-Tyler papers proposed. Eight people were elected to the Party Council in this round of ballots: five are known to be vehemently opposed to the Maingreen proposals; one had no involvement with Maingreen; the remaining two were invited to the Maingreen meeting but were at pains to distance themselves from the Ekins-Tyler proposals. None of the leading protagonists in the Ekins-Tyler faction were elected.

Mark Hill, Scottish Green Party convenor, Dundee

I found Sarah Benton's report on the Green Party's identity crisis hugely enjoyable, and much to the point. She put her finger on many dilemmas which still need to be resolved.

There is however one thing I would want to take issue with, and that is her characterisation of the 'environment' as 'politically neutral'. Whatever the shortcomings and contradictions and plain wooliness of many of the Green Party's policies and its organisation (and there are many), the central point of the party's existence is that it is attempting to represent, and place at the centre of the political stage, *inarticulate constituents* — both those 'beings' in the natural world (trees, animals, water, air, grasses etc) who are by their nature dumb and unable to represent themselves, and also those dimensions of our own *human* nature which have been forced underground or at least onto the periphery by the peculiar historical development of our (extremely partial) chosen modes of perception, including our modes of political perception.

This may well be a confused and sometimes confusing business, at least partly because the necessary forms of organisation, political activity and even language are not immediately apparent — but I for one do not believe that it's a politically neutral matter.

Martin Sewell, Gravesend, Kent

If you are not already well versed in Green philosophy and ideology, then the Green Party conference is the last place to go to learn.

Largely as a result of the OWOW (Other Ways of Working) group, we have successfully dismantled Conference as a vehicle for communicating these things to outsiders. Accordingly, the articulate newcomer can easily draw attention to such dubious propositions that elections are unimportant, or that the party's

What the left has to offer: *Robin Blackburn replies to Roy Hattersley*

In recent issues of this journal Roy Hattersley has successively lambasted the 'intellectual inadequacy' of the left and given his presumably authoritative view of what Labour's manifesto should/will contain (see 'The Left Swaps thought for Cliché' *NS* 29 August, and 'What Shall we put in the Manifesto?' *NS* 3 October).

While the first offering was an ill-informed polemic the second was an exercise in insouciant pragmatism, all the more alarming in that its author is shadow chancellor. As a member of the non-affiliated Socialist Society and editor of a socialist magazine, I must contest Hattersley's contemptuous dismissal of the left's policy offerings and insist that they are more tough-minded, as well as more relevant and principled, than the deputy leader's bland and evasive optimism.

The performance of Mitterrand in France, Gonzalez in Spain, Papandreou in Greece and Hawke in Australia surely cast grave doubt on Labour's plans and prospects; they *all* promised reductions in unemployment and defence of living standards, and *all* went on to preside over higher unemployment and more swingeing austerity measures. Do Hattersley and Kinnock believe that the British economy has secret strengths which will somehow enable them to avoid the fate of the French Socialists or are they simply hoping, Micawber-like, that something will turn up?

Gambling on a concerted global reflation large enough to lift even British industry out of its miserable depths scarcely seems 'prudent' at a time when a new downturn is being predicted not only by Ernest Mandel and John Palmer but by *Business Week* and the *Economist*. In 1945 British industry could share the world market with the Americans; in the late 1980s it is far worse placed to weather the storm than in the early 1930s. Stimulating public sector recruitment would be eminently desirable — so long as it is not in the arms sector. But can this be sustained for long without a corresponding recovery in production and the elaboration of new models of public enterprise based on meeting social need and releasing the initiative of producers? New priorities and a sustained recovery require steps to prevent an import boom and a speculative flight of capital. Neil Kinnock has recently spoken of creating one million jobs in *two* years and there will be many pleased to hear at least one specific commitment at last; but where exactly are these jobs to be found and what if the international financial community finds this an extravagant or irrelevant goal?

Bankers do not accept that social objectives and needs should take priority over their own criteria of responsible monetary management. Roy Hattersley has been flown across the Atlantic by the Midland Bank to re-assure New York and Washington of the moderation of Labour's proposals. The fate of the eminently moderate Hawke or Mitterrand vividly demonstrates that the world's bankers and speculators cannot be appeased in this way.

This brings me to the second key issue for British politics. The debility of the Labour leadership is rooted in its traditional confidence in the British state. Labour now studiously avoids any challenge to the City, the Treasury, or Whitehall. Tony Benn's plea for law reform at conference highlighted the conformism of the rest of the platform. Outside the left the reform of Parliament has disappeared as an issue, and is not even hinted at in Hattersley's prospectus.

Labour's leaders do promise us a Freedom of Information Act and a British Investment Bank but in every other respect, it would appear, they regard our existing political and administrative arrangements as the horizon of the possible or even of the desirable. Academic political scientists across the spectrum no longer endorse the self-regard of the political establishment; from Corelli Barnett on the right (cf *The Audit of War*) to Colin Leys on the left (cf. *Politics in Britain*) they identify the UK state as a critical factor in British decline.

Meanwhile Tony Benn and the Campaign Group have proposed a new Reform Act, challenging the hereditary element in government, devolving powers to the localities and regions, and introducing democratic accountability into economic life as well as the state. At a lively recent Socialist Society meeting Arthur Scargill, in debate with Peter Hain, advocated a form of genuine PR which incorporates local accountability without discriminating against minorities as does the sham system proposed by the Alliance. (We have published this, with a complementary paper by Michael Rustin on 're-structuring the state', in *New Left Review* 158).

The third complex of problems, relating to the international situation, is addressed by Ben Lowe's *Peace through Non-alignment: the Case Against British Membership of NATO*, published by Verso for the Campaign Group. Labour has refused to abandon its 'non-nuclear' pledge and has so far withstood Washington's brow-beating. But it has done so by pretending to be more Atlanticist than Weinberger and more *au fait* with the thinking of the Reagan administration than Richard Perle. Perhaps Hattersley's own coy reference to 'collective security' hints at an unrepentant NATO loyalism, missiles and all.

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AGM is primarily a social occasion.

Now that both Liberal and Labour parties have adopted creditable environmental policies, the real Green identity is to be defined by those able to integrate a living environment with a living economy, which is precisely the hard intellectual task being undertaken by Paul Ekins and other advocates of Green realpolitik.

It is considerably easier to string together a series of soft option resolutions for gay rights, or against radioactive clouds, but not only is this an abrogation of the real challenge to Green politics, it would be arrogant to suggest that we enjoy a monopoly of such concerns.

You go, Hugo

Theresa Fitzgerald, London NW1

I'm sorry to see Hugo Williams is back as your television critic; I'd hoped that he'd have given up a job which he evidently finds so distasteful.

Back in the 1920s it was fashionable to hire as 'film critics' writers whose sole qualification was their lofty disdain for the cinema and all those who worked in it. No journal with the *NS*'s intellectual clout would think of giving space to such popinjays today. Yet television, it seems, is still fair game for facile cultural snobbery.

Of course there's a lot of rubbish on television — as there is in the cinema, in the theatre, in the art galleries and on the printed page. But the critic's job, in any medium, should be to help sort out the good from the bad, to co-operate with the creative artists in setting standards, evolving criteria for evaluation, encouraging the development of richer, more complex work. Hard work, no question of it. Much easier to sit back and sneer, and show what a witty and superior fellow you are.

An awful lot of horrendously bad poetry gets written, and even published. Yet that doesn't seem to stop Hugo Williams appreciating and loving poetry. So why doesn't he stick to being an excellent Poetry Editor, and leave television to someone capable of actually *liking* the medium — with all its faults?

Pluto — no easy answers

David Williams, London E17

I would wish *NS* readers to remember the collapse of Pluto Press in a different way from Jolyon Jenkins's account (*NS* 26 September). If turnover is any guide to relative cultural importance, Pluto, at £750,000 (not £75,000 as printed), would be roughly four times the size of *Marxism Today* and twice that of the nearest left publisher, but about half of the *New Statesman*. For the left, this represents surely a major loss of cultural counter-hegemony. For those of us who worked there too, if the explanations were as glib as your article suggests, we would have tried them years ago. Either way, politically or personally, Pluto's collapse should be worth a more lengthy consideration.

The shy Ms Abbott

Michael Portillo MP, House of Commons

Miscellany (*NS* 19 September) correctly records that Diane Abbott and I trod the boards together at school. But I do not recall any production of *Murder in the Cathedral*. What I remember vividly is casting as her Lady Macduff in my film of *Macbeth*. In so doing, my only reservation was that she was so polite, shy and retiring that I wondered if she could fill the role. Sadly the matter was never put to the test. The jumble sale organised to finance the film raised less than hoped, and the production folded.

Let him eat toast

V. Ernest Cox, Welwyn Garden City

I must protest at your use of the photograph of a dead woman on your cover (*NS* 3 Oct.).

You did not reveal the identity of the deceased nor the manner in which she died, but however appalling the circumstances of her death, it could not possibly justify the use of her chilling visage in a magazine which is on open sale. This vile picture quite put me off my breakfast kedgeree.

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* assist with plans to improve and extend direct labour;
* link workers and users across services with the trade unions;
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Details from: LYNN DOWNS, DEED, PALATINE CHAMBERS, PINSTONE STREET, SHEFFIELD S1 2HN, TEL. 0742-755215 ext. 223. FOR DISCUSSION PRIOR TO APPLICATION TELEPHONE PAUL SKELTON/STEVE TOPHAM ON 0742-766755. CLOSING DATE: **24 OCTOBER 1986.**

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FELLOWSHIP

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UEA Writing Fellowship

The University, with support from the Eastern Arts Association is offering a Fellowship to be held by a practising writer during the **Summer Term 1987**. The Fellowship is an opportunity for pursuing one's own work. It also involves **teaching an undergraduate Creative Writing Course, informal consultations with student writers, and making a contribution to the artistic activity of the region.** The salary is **£2,000 plus free flat and office**. The Fellow will be expected to be in residence for the ten weeks of term and for a further four weeks of vacation either before or after the term, or split, at the Fellow's convenience.

Further details from: **the Establishment Officer, University of East Anglia, Norwich, Norfolk NR4 7TJ** to whom applications should be sent by

5 December 1986

BILLBOARD

Enquiries: Laura Berryman 01-251 5487

Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) **JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL, ANIMAL FARM.** Lyttelton (proscenium stage) **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS, THE MAGISTRATE.** Cottesloe (small auditorium) **THE BAY AT NICE/WRECKED EGGS, THE AMERICAN CLOCK.** See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629. 9, 10 & 15 October, 10am & 1.30pm THE GOOD COMPANY in **I, BERTOLT BRECHT** 13-25 October. Mon-Sat 8pm **CAMBRIDGE FOOTLIGHTS** in **ANOTHER FINE MESS.**

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlet, book list, programme. Free talks or discussions, Sundays 8-9 p.m. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N40.6

CHANGES TO *NEW STATESMAN* CLASSIFIEDS

The *New Statesman* has undergone a metamorphosis and this has had repercussions for the classified pages.

Starting from this week the column widths will be as follows:

1 column	47mm
2 columns	99mm
3 columns	149mm
4 columns	202mm

Our new printing schedule means that we have had to bring our copy deadline forward by one day. **All copy must now be received by 12 noon on the Monday of the week of publication.**

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ATTRACTIVE, WARM, graduate woman teacher, divorced, 40s, home-loving, seeks unattached, professional man for close relationship, which could develop further. Interests: family life, walking, music, travel. London. Box (39)3765. N39.10

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ATTRACTIVE, LIVELY, American lady, divorced, professor, 5'10", on sabbatical leave in England — desires to meet intelligent, tall gentleman (45-55), for friendship and fun. Oxford based but free to travel. Box (40)3808. N40.11

ATTRACTIVE, PETITE blonde female, 28 years, seeks non-sexist male, in the West Yorkshire area. Interests include left politics, arts, food and drink, travel. Box (41)3850. N41.12

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 34, arts graduate, leftish, pacifist, likes theatre, music, country walks, travel, has well-established social life, but wants to meet new, unattached male friends. Box (41)3841. N41.13

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HEARTSEARCH

ANGLO/PUERTORICAN, professional seaman, 41, divorced, seeks warm, caring lady — same age or younger, looks race not important, interests: books, music, countryside, home-life. Box (41)3847. N41.14

BRISTOL/ANYWHERE, individualistic, professional male (34), well maintained, interests: technology, music, countryside, life! Seeks unconventional girl for loving, lasting relationship. Box (41)3881. N41.15

CARIBBEAN EDUCATIONALIST, 40, is desirous of meeting an unattached, literate, independent female, with sense of humour, who enjoys womanhood and is receptive of male chivalry. Box (41)3864. N41.16

CHEERFUL FEMALE, 32, professional, wishes to meet equally positive male. Interests: travel, art, film, music, walking and people! Non-smoker preferred. London. Box (41)3844. N41.17

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DESIGNER (female) late 30s, wide range of interests, recently returned to London, finds it hard to meet nice, interesting, unattached men. Box (41)3842. N41.18

HAPPILY MARRIED lady, 37, seeks similar, tall, professional man for dining, theatre and conversation. London. Box (41)3870. N41.19

HEARTSEARCHERS PLEASE NOTE that telephone bookings can only be accepted if accompanied by a credit Card Number (Access, American Express, Barclaycard, Diners' Club, Visa). N27.18

HUMOROUS, GOOD-LOOKING MAN, 31, 5'11", romantic yet practical, intellectual and hedonistic, Lefty with many interests (but not very sporty) seeks similar graduate/professional woman for caring relationship. Preferably West London. Photo appreciated (returnable). Box (41)3874. N41.20

INDEPENDENT WOMAN seeks professional/academic man (38-48), interested arts, politics (Labour), travel, integrity, social conscience, warmth, more important than looks or money. S. London. Box (41)3876. N41.21

ISOLATION DAMAGES HEALTH. Reactivate your personal and social life. Comely lady, feminine, large build, caring human being, seeks unattached soulmate, well maintained, supportive, over sixty. Box (41)3846. N41.22

LEFTISH GRADUATE divorcee, would like to meet unattached, companionable, intelligent man, 40s, London area, to share interests of music, countryside etc. Box (41)3843. N41.23

LEFT-WING MALE, 27, sometimes serious, young minded, loves life. Seeks woman with similar outlook, for close relationship. Photo appreciated and returned. Box (40)3834. N40.20

MALE (50). Bridge partner or partner for life. Friendly games only. Non-chauvanistic, solvent, with humour. I'm attractive, artistic, affectionate, acknowledge my need. Non-smokers please. Please write. Live West London. Box (40)3803. N40.23

MARRIAGE TO very patient and understanding woman (age not important) sought by Worthing man (34), impotent, but capable of giving a great deal of love. Box (41)3849. N41.24

MARRIED PROFESSIONAL man, 50s, hoping to enjoy good times with a lively lady, perhaps in similar circumstances. East Anglia. Box (41)3858. N41.25

NEW START needed by academic male, 38. Intense Taurean, affections misplaced for decade, untapped resources of desire, joy and fidelity. Logistic difficulties but emotionally available. Seeks intelligent, warm, attractive woman for companionship or epic. North London or Surrey. Box (41)3855. N41.26

NOT BEAUTIFUL, but not unattractive, woman graduate, offers warm, caring relationship to right man. Seeking perceptives, educated man 43-55, with sense of humour to share most NS interests including travel, theatre, foreign films. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Box (41)3865. N41.27

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PLEASANT, INTELLECTUAL and attractive man, would like escapist but consistent friendship with pretty, bisexual woman; Sussex/London. Box (41)3869. N41.28

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB. 01-226 5432. N15.31

RETURNED EXPATRIATE, male 34, facing prospect of Thatcheresque winter in Lancaster, desires stylish woman, whose vision extends beyond this cramped island, for weekend liaisons. Distance no problem, prefer exchange pics. Box (41)3882. N41.29

ROMANTICALLY INCLINED gentleman, 54, 5'9", good appearance, divorced, with interests including music, literature, country walks, travel — seeks romantic, sensuous ladyfriend. London area. Box (40)3835. N40.26

SOCIALIST MALE, 39, active, enjoys life, indoor and outdoor pursuits, keeps horses, missing close, loving relationship and family life, lady with or without children. West Yorkshire, anywhere. Box (41)3867. N41.30

TALL MALE, early 30s, interests: walking, cycling, cinema, theatre, humour, would like to meet non-smoking female. W. Yorkshire. Box (41)3878. N41.31

VIVACIOUS WIDOW seeks genuine, professional gentleman friend (55+), with wide interests including gardening. Must have a zest for life. NW England. Box (41)3852. N41.32

WARM-HEARTED, HOME-LOVING academic woman, in Midlands, seeks companionship from a kind, intelligent and humorous man in his 40s. Box (41)3857. N41.33

WEST MIDLANDS male, left-wing, non-smoker, 31. Enjoys the arts, ideas, travel and food. Would like to share these with similar female, 21-31. Box (41)3863. N41.34

W. YORKSHIRE. Is there a tall, relaxed, professional 40s man, who enjoys the arts and would welcome company of woman, late 30s, new to the area. Box (41)3856. N41.35

WINTER IN THE HILLS. Warm old house and I need mature, feminine presence, meditation, personal growth, walking, gardening, wholefood. Share work and costs. Own room, n/s. Box (41)3871. N41.36

WOMAN ACADEMIC, early 40s, wide interests, seeks similar, tallish male for outings/friendship. London/SE. Box (40)3819. N40.30

YOUNG, RETIRED professional man, slim 6', happily but now platonically married, seeks London woman for daytime relationship — food, wine, conversation, fun. Box (41)3875. N41.37

PURSUITS

FEMALE ACADEMIC, 36, (slim, fair), seeks intelligent man with sense of humour, to share leisure/social time. Jazz/rock music, cinema, travel, books, conversation. Midlands. Box (41)3848. N41.5

LA TRAVIATA: Covent Garden, 8 November. Friendly, spirited, cosmopolitan woman has spare ticket. Would welcome company of genuinely unattached, intelligent, sensitive man (over 55). London. Box (41)3853. N41.6

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New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, LONDON EC1R 3AU.

AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

SAT 11 OCT

ROSA LUXEMBURG & KARL LIEBKNECHT: Revolution, Remembrance, Representation. Seminar 12 noon with May Stevens, John A. Walker and others, at the Pentonville Gallery, 4 Whitfield Street, London W1. Exhibition continues through 22 Nov. Free admission. Enqs 01-482 2948.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF AIDS. A conference for all interested in social dimensions of HIV infections and AIDS. Speakers: Keith Alcorn, Tony Coxon, Julian Meldrum, Ken Plummer, Hugh Robertson, Simon Watney, Kaye Wellings, Tony Whitehead, Tony Vass. Venue: Bristol Polytechnic 10am-6pm. Details: 0272 741251 (Peter Aggleton or Hilary Homans).

WOMEN'S LABOUR HERITAGE. 11am-3 pm, Corner House, Charlbury, Oxfordshire. Discussions with Irene Wagner, Florence Davy, Christine Collete. 'Bring & Share' lunch. Women welcome. Great Tew 624.

MON 13 OCT

BENEATH THE WHITE COAT. A seminar series on Science & Politics in the 1980s organised by the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science. Monday evenings fortnightly, **6.30pm at The Marquis of Granby, Chandos Place, WC2.** This week: Lynda Birke **'The Use of Animals in Scientific Research.'** Details: 01-607 9615.

PUBLICATIONS

SPARTACIST 36-37: 'Healyism Implodes' p&p £1. Spartacist 38-39: 'The SWP — A Strangled Party,' p&p £1. Spartacist pamphlet 'The Socialist Workers Party: An Obituary', p&p 50p. Complete package £2.50 from: SI Box 185, London WC1H 8JE.

TUES 14 OCT

WOMEN WRITERS FROM INDIA: A SYMPOSIUM. Three distinguished poets and novelists — Mahasveta Devi, Qurratulain Hyder and Kobita Sinha, who are briefly in this country — will discuss their work. Organised jointly by the Commonwealth Institute and the South Asian Literature Society. At the Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, 6.30 to 8.30. Admission £2, concessions £1.

THURS 16 OCT

PETER NEWSAM on **'PERCEPTION OF MINORITIES AND THE ROLE OF THE MEDIA'** — the Minority Rights Group's Annual Lecture. 6pm at the Royal Society of Arts, 8 John Adam Street, London WC2. All welcome, admission free without tickets.

CABLE STREET AND NOW. Struggle Against Racism, Antisemitism and Facism. Speakers: Charlie Goodman (ex-international Brigade), Dave Rosenberg (J.S.G.). Org by Jewish Socialists' Group. Friends House, Euston Road, 7.30pm.

SAT 18 OCT

ISLINGTON AND HORNSEY HEALTH EMERGENCY CAMPAIGN CONFERENCE. 10am-2pm, Red Rose Labour Centre, 129 Seven Sisters Rd., N4 (Finsbury Park tube). Speakers, Workshops. Creche. Contact: Roger Harris, 129 St Johns Way, London N19. 01-272 1772.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST ECONOMIC REVIEW CONFERENCE. 9.30-6.00, Netherbow Centre, Edinburgh. Debate on future of AES (speakers: Beatrix Campbell, David Cobham, John Eatwell, Laurence Harris), papers on privatisation, Soviet economic reform, etc. Details from 0334 75092 or 031-667 6158.

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Advertisers please note that the deadline for bookings is 4pm on Mondays (for the rest of Classifieds the deadline is **12 noon on Mondays**)

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BACKCHAT

Left liaisons

Angelica Reeves

JANE WILLIAMS WAITED. Elegant in navy dungarees with her 'Boycott South Africa not Nicaragua' badge prominently displayed, she watched the door. She was looking out for the short, greying and paunchy figure of Wes Roseland, powerful Chair of Tockton Ward Labour Party, to enter the meeting room above the Elsie Felmer Public Baths. On hard wooden chairs the other members of the Ward sat in rows, studying the minutes from the previous month, putting the finishing touches to speeches supporting their motions to the General Management Committee.

The door shut with a loud click. Jane jerked upright. He had entered, and strode, papers flapping, to the chair. He sat, undoing his jacket, and relaxed as the familiar constriction of the too-tight suit disappeared. God, how she wanted him.

Wes had gone through three wives and currently lived with his mother in Pratt Street, a post-war cul-de-sac off Manor Road, while he considered his options. Jane was waiting for him to consider Jane Williams.

Wes looked up at the clock. 'Well, comrades,' he coughed as he lit up, his voice rasping from too many cigarettes, 'it's five past eight, let's make a start.'

The meeting followed its usual pattern. Jane picked up her pen and began to take the minutes. Item one, apologies for absence; item two, welcoming new members; item three, passing the minutes from the last meeting; item four, matters arising; item five, the treasurer's report.

At this point, Malcolm Anderson stood up. He was around five foot ten, with brown hair worn just a tad too long, horn-rimmed spectacles and a rather luxuriant beard. She watched his mouth open and shut, as though through a mist. Vague sentences found their way into her notebook: 'Nine pounds, thirty-six pence profit from the summer fund-raising party; a total of £32.60 in the kitty.'

But nothing could lessen Janes's consciousness of Wes, of the electricity that crackled between them as he lounged so powerfully before the members.

She crossed her legs, then hurriedly uncrossed them. After the Christmas panto last year she had slept with Malcolm, creeping up the stairs to her rather dingy bedsit (the landlord was a light sleeper). Malcolm had not been the most attractive sight — his legs too thin, a chest covered with matted, grizzly hair and a pimply back. He had been nervous and unsure. Three hours later she had mouthed the familiar words, 'Too tired I expect,' willing her eyes away from his limp penis. She had felt duped. He had seemed so strong, at ease with the large sums of money in his control. How wrong she had been. Another loser.

Waking from her reverie, Jane watched Ted Jones get to his feet. He was a close friend and supporter of Wes. They went way back. He was dressed in a blue shirt, grey trousers held up with braces, and a yellow floral tie. He spoke warmly to his motion: 'That Tockton Ward Labour Party calls upon Beechdown CLP to mandate its Annual Conference delegates, F. Davis and Ms J. Wandle, to oppose Resolutions 37, 38 and 39 and any composites arising.' A young Militant supporter, short back and sides, navy-blue greatcoat three times too big for him, opposed the motion. The meeting was humming. Maybe Wes would take her tonight.

* * *

TO GET TO *Socialist Alert*, the small left-wing weekly Jane sometimes reviewed for, took three changes on the tube and then a short walk. Panting slightly she arrived at the front door and announced her presence to the black squawk box. 'Pull,' it ordered. Behind her entered Jack Parker, editor, reputed to be the handsomest hunk in Fleet Street (though there was little competition). 'Hi, how are you?' he asked. She would have been happy to tell him but he barely broke stride as he marched towards his office on the second floor.

Tall, craggy, with eyes of green ice, he was the idol of every woman and at least two men in the building, so the rumour went. But so far he seemed to have resisted all offers. Currently involved with an out-of-work actress who spent most of her days body-building at the Lancing Leisure Centre, he'd been faithful for over a year now (except for a few young hopefuls who'd got published, Jane suspected). She let her eyes wander over his body, the taut buttocks in black cords, the striped Marks and Spencer non-crease shirt, and imagined his hands on her body, his tongue exploring, pushing, probing. Her eyes closed, her lips opened. 'Is anything wrong with you?' The gruff Yorkshire accent cut into her. Jack had turned and was watching her, a frown creasing his forehead. God, how stupid she must look. She stammered something unintelligible and, blushing, carried on to the third floor. She was conscious of his eyes following her all the way to the top.

That morning, she had dressed with particular care; dirty plimsolls, baggy jeans and a grey tee-shirt with 'Jedburgh lives' emblazoned across the front. She knew she looked good as she walked through the piles of books to where Nora Rostov had staked out her empire. Only the foolhardy or the brave would cross the boundary without an invitation. A few books lay around on the ink-stained table. Jane picked up a few at random: *The Future of Democratic Socialism in Albania; Morality in a Bourgeois Climate; Family and Kinship in East Molesey, 1916-1986*

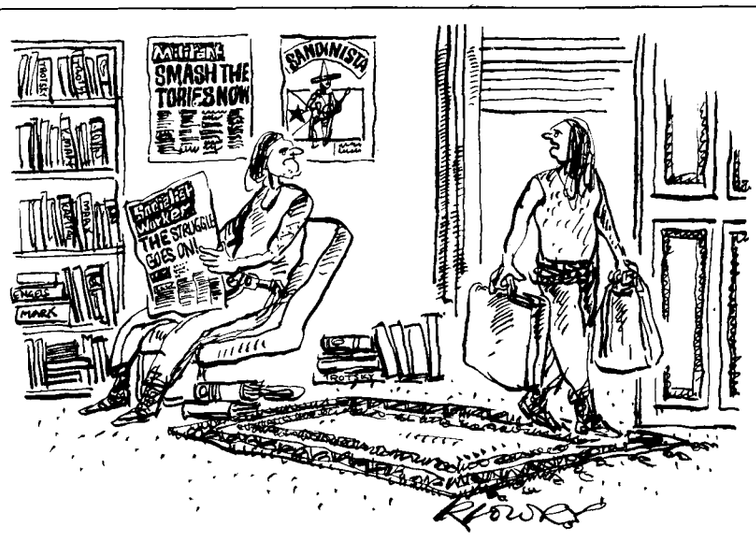
Nora Rostov watched her narrowly. Nora was a tall woman in her mid-forties with short, wispy, grey hair and pale blue eyes surrounded by a web of wrinkles fanning out like a sunburst. 'I've had an idea for your next piece,' she smiled sweetly. Two months previously, Nora had invited Jane home to dinner at her flat in Islington. A 'working' dinner. Jane had been pretty sure she knew the kind of work Nora had in mind and had refused. Suddenly the reviewing had dried up. And now this friendliness.

Jane suddenly wondered what it would have been like. Would Nora have been as dictatorial and demanding in bed as she was at work, ordering her about, telling her exactly what she wanted. Jane felt herself go hot. Nora was still smiling. 'I want a piece on pulp novels,' she said, 'what people get out of it, why they read it, what it means to them.' Her rather large teeth gleamed.

Jane went cool again. She recoiled. Did Nora seriously imagine that *she*, a socialist feminist (or was it a feminist socialist?), Labour Party activist and author of *Semiotics and Modern Fiction: a Feminist Approach*, read such books? *She* stood in no need of panaceas to divert her from the class struggle. What meaning would books containing thousands of words about sex and power have for her?

She couldn't refuse though. The bitch. It would mean she'd never review for *Socialist Alert* again. She'd have to go down to Smiths and buy a few examples. For research, of course. □

The characters in this story are wholly fictitious and any resemblance between them and any living person is entirely coincidental.



'From now on, it's not them and us Simon, it's them and you'

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WINE

Keep on Trocken

Stephen Brook

ON VISITING GERMANY, it comes as a surprise to realise that the Germans themselves rarely drink the medium sweet wines with which they flood the British market, and prefer to consume dry wines. Sweeter styles are even less in favour since the 1985 wine scandal alerted drinkers to the possibility that such wines, especially at the cheaper end of the range, can easily be doctored. Moreover, many Germans have glanced in the mirror and, displeased with what they have seen, are hurriedly cutting down on any product, including wine, high in sugar.

Consequently, many German wines are sold as either *Trocken* or *Halbtrocken*. *Trocken* means bone dry, and such wines will have virtually no residual sugar; *Halbtrocken* (half-dry) wines are permitted slightly higher sugar levels. Although such wines may contain more residual sugar than, say, many dry French wines, it must be remembered that German wines, especially Rieslings, are very high in acidity. It is for this reason that many *Trocken* wines are, in my view, distinctly unpalatable. The combination of dryness and rasping acidity can result in unpleasant astringency. Many *Halbtrockens* are far more approachable and better balanced, though inevitably there are many exceptions. A *Trocken* from a top producer, a wine packed with fruit and extract as well as acidity, can be more rounded on the palate than a mediocre *Halbtrocken*.

The sugar found in most of the German wines available in Britain can cover a multitude of winemaking sins. Liebfraumilch and other popular blends are sweetened with *Sussreserve*, which is unfermented grape juice added to a dry base wine. In a 'naturally' sweet wine, fermentation is stopped before all the sugar has been converted into alcohol, but such wines are harder to make and only succeed when made from overripe grapes. It is less risky for large-scale growers to pick grapes early and then add *Sussreserve*. Such wines are not necessarily bad, but any rough edges in the base wine can be smoothed over by adding that dollop of grape juice.

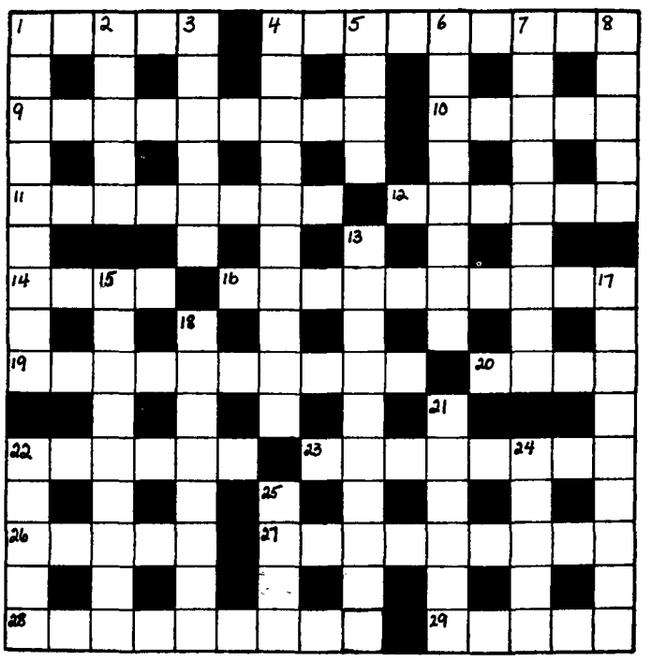
With dry wines, this is not possible, for obvious reasons. Top producers of dry wines insist that only the best grapes can be used. Without the mask of *Sussreserve*, all the merits, and faults, of the grapes will be on display. To make a superlative *Trocken*, you need superlative grapes. Hence dry German wines are quite expensive. They are in no sense jug wines or party wines. Drunk on their own, they can be austere and charmless, and to show at their best they must accompany food. (The other day I was astonished by how well German dry wines washed down partridge, of all things.) Moreover, although most sweet German wines are low in alcohol, a wine fermented to dryness from ripe grapes is fuller in body and can have 11% or more alcohol.

These wines are not easy to find here. We do not expect to pay £6 or more for a bottle of German wine, which is what outstanding examples cost. Two dozen top producers (including Schloss Vollrads, Deinhard, the Staatsweinguter at Eltville, and Balthasar Ress) in the Rheingau, one of Germany's smallest but best wine regions, have clubbed together to form the Charta group, with the aim of promoting dry German wines. Charta wines are identifiable by a double-arch motif on the bottle, but, confusingly, the words *Trocken* and *Halbtrocken* are not always shown on the label, since a Charta bottle is assumed to contain a dry wine. Charta wines are made to strict standards: they must be made from 100% Riesling grapes harvested at greater ripeness than the law requires; moreover the group insists on minimum acidity levels, on bottle-ageing the wines before they are sold and on tasting panels to test the quality. A range of Charta wines is available at £5-7 at Alex Findlater in London NW8, and I hope in the coming months other wine merchants across the country will follow suit. The H. Allen Smith shops in London stock two excellent dry wines from Von Buhl in the Rheinpfaltz.

Cheaper examples are available in the high streets. Two wines from a major Baden cooperative in southern Germany (Oddbins £3.19 and Victoria £2.59) were broad and gulpable, but lacked crispness and style. Considerably better is a 1985 wine made in the Rheinhessen from the usually nondescript Muller-Thurgau grape by

Weekend Crossword 1534

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1534, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 21 October.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

ACROSS

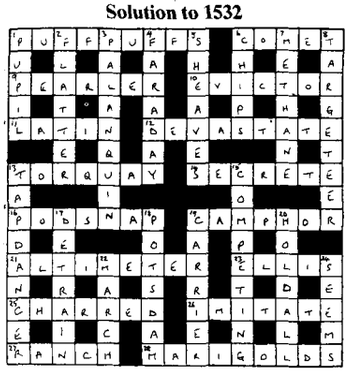
1. With a different start priests might fulfil expectations (5)
4. Carry instrument of torture for gymnastic exercise (9)
9. Is an island in marshy land fit for sailors? (9)
10. It sounds as if I give voice to something sweet (5)
12. Flowers which are kept in the shops? (6)
14. Drug which makes on take part in athletic activity (4)
16. Man with a saving talent (10)
19. A tough animal but battered in his ring corner (10)
20. Where the competent suffer a reverse (4)
22. Wandered with me in the street (6)
23. Son of Man perhaps, but I speak maliciously (8)
26. Languish as object of rivals' affections (5)
27. Noble fluff in the prelude to firing (9)
28. Quietly included among the motor racing competitors as a hobby (9)
29. The stupid give point to their studies (5)

DOWN

1. One who increases publicity for the poisoner (9)
2. Assume one is in a job (5)
3. A drink is what is needed when the modest are about to go astray (6)
4. Sailors discover gold in old pieces of furniture (10)
5. Spoke or phoned (4)
6. Piper or another artist (8)
7. Epics are translated leading to something precious for a bishop (9)
8. African place starts growing in an eastern country (5)
13. Flowers to put in the grave in place of intellectuals (10)
15. A boy and a girl losing her head flirt (9)
17. Reorganise the back row (9)
18. Put up with a letter being badly written and containing nothing (8)
21. Two men stopped (6)
22. What is left over from more licentious times (5)
24. Go under with the Central Line (5)
25. Payment when one is caught being embraced by a drunkard (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1532



Prizewinner to 1532

Clive Brightley
Reading, Berks.

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Guntrum (Waitrose £2.99). This has an attractive nose, spicy and stylish; it's clean and fruity in the mouth, and good value. Two of the best inexpensive dry wines, both Rieslings, are the 1984 Deinhard Dry (Dominic £3.79) and 1983 Riesling Dry from Scholl & Hillebrand (Unwin £3.69). Both wines are fragrant, vigorous, full flavoured and very well made.

I was in Birmingham for the day with a doctor of the church, and we sloped into the Grand Hotel for an aperitif. White wine? There was only Dry or Medium Dry, both, like Pepsi, on tap. Any bottled wines? No, the barman told us, bottles took up too much room, though there was space enough for 200 Britvics. Where did the wines come from? A quick huddle between barman and barmaid, and then we were told the Dry was French, the Medium was German. I ordered beer, but my clerical friend tried the Dry, which was foul. And this is the Grand Hotel in our second city? Visitors to Birmingham have now been warned. □

Weekend competition

No 2945 **Set by Margaret Rogers**

Only a year or so now till Thatcher retires to her sunset home in South London. Extracts, please, from her Dulwich Diary. Max 150 words, by Wednesday 22 October.

No 2942 **Set by John Digby**

Encounters between Wogan and other great historical figures.

Report **By Rose Dorn**

In response to Ms de Meaner's slander in *NS* 19 September, my lawyer has prepared the following statement on my behalf. I am not, nor ever have been, a 'Bolshevik'. I have never bought a copy of *Militant* or any other Trotskyist publication. I have never been on strike. Neil Kinnock embodies the people's will. I would die for my country. Now . . . since returning from the only remaining unspoilt Greek island (find your own) to the wreckage of London, I had only smiled twice until I read Will Bellenger's entry. Once at the *Guardian* claim that the BBC is to replace *Top of the Form* with a version compatible with modern educational philosophy (no right or wrong answers); once at a cruel parody ad for *Marxism Today* which some anarchist group has been inserting in various magazines ('*MT* keeps culture under the spotlight, with lifestyle in from the wings. No wonder *MT* is a not-to-be-missed monthly experience for so many people', etc). £10 to you Will, and £8 each to the others which I used to fill up space.

. . . *laughter and applause)* *W:* Now my next guest, on the other hand, is a fellow who may not have sat on a horse, but who's sailed on a *Beagle*. Welcome, please, Mr Charles Darwin (*theme: 'I'm the king of the jungle'; laughter and applause; CD claps audience*)
W: Now you don't mind if I call you Charlie, do you . . .
D: No . . .
W: . . . because a lot of people, if you don't mind my saying, think you are one (*hysterical laughter*). Now is that (*broad TW grin*) because they're still a lot of ignorant apes, or because you're just a little bit of a monkey yourself?
D: No. It is a serious theory. I believe our race has gradually evolved; that it wasn't simply placed here with all the other species.
W: Surely you're not telling us that we swung down from the trees (*laughter*) — although, mind you, some of this lot go bananas easy enough.
D: Originally, life probably consisted of single cells.
W: That's still true of a whole lot of monks! (*laughter*)
D: Which then divided into pairs.
W: Pears? Were we fruitbats, then, now . . .

WILL BELLENGER

W: Will you welcome please, King Harold! (*applause*) Sit yourself down, me old son. Now, the Battle of Hastings . . . 1066 . . . Bit of a washout for the English side, what? What went wrong?
H: I dunno Terry. We fought a clean fight, but the lads weren't fit, to be frank with you. William had the best squad on the day.
W: But I mean . . . a tinpot French dictator crowned King of England? It's one in the eye for you, isn't it? (*audience titters*) Don't mind that lot. But tell me, how does it feel to lose a throne?
H: Well, you're not over the moon, put it like that. But Tel, if you go in for monarchy you have to accept the upsets. Some of the lads blamed that comet thing, but I dunno. Let's just say William got his act together. I don't begrudge his success.
W: Spoken like a true English gent! King Harold, ladies and gentlemen!

PETER NORMAN

W: Well, Julius, this is the first time I've had a man in a frock on my show. What do you call this?
C: Toga est.
W: Is it now? (*smirks at the camera*) I don't suppose you go out in high winds in that thing. (*studio audience roars with laughter*)
C: Quis?
W: Hang about, we don't want any French on this show. Now tell me, Julius, you've done a bit of travelling haven't you? And you've written a few travel books. I don't suppose you've brought one stuffed up your kilt?
(*Caesar holds up his commentaries on the Gallic Wars*)
C: Veni, vidi, vici.
W: Now, now, JC, this is a family show. The viewers out there would like to know what it was like being perpetual dictator. Didn't you get a bit fed up with all those crucifixions, massacres, feeding Christians to the lions and all that caper. You were a bit of an auld divil, weren't you JC?
C: Tu quoque, Terry.
W: Do you not worry about all those fellers — Brutus, Casca and the boys? They could stab you in the back any day couldn't they now? Do you ever stop and think: Julius me boy, perhaps you should have stayed on the other side of the Rubicon munching a few grapes?
C: Asinus!

NICHOLAS MURRAY

W: To raise the tone of our little symposium, a great thinker and wit. Citizens of Shepherd's Bush, unite and welcome Karl Marx. (*applause*) Karl, one of my guests, Jesus Christ, used the words 'second coming'. You're making a bit of a comeback yourself, wouldn't you say?
M: All great personalities reappear, Terry — the first time as historical figures, the second as chat-show guests.
W: Did you really call religion the opium of the people?
M: Yes. But remember, Terry, we didn't have television then.
W: (*to camera*) Have we, perchance, booked the wrong Marx? Karl — as I said to Charles Darwin — what's it like having an '-ism' named after you?
M: Isn't 'Woganism' in the dictionary yet? Well, after me, yes. But post hoc isn't propter hoc, is it?
W: Now, hold on. This is BBC1. Could you bring that down to the level of us hoi polloi?
M: That's your job, Terry. That's Woganism.

KEITH NORMAN

W: Now, Mr Gladstone, how did you first get interested in fallen women?
G: Sir, I have been deceived. I was given to understand that I was here to contribute some observations on the Irish Question.
W: Ah, yes, well now, that's a little bit of a touchy subject here just at the moment, and being as I'm Irish myself it would hardly be fitting anyway. But about the fallen women . . .
G: This is an outrage. I will complain to the Director General.
W: Now I'm afraid that's another rather touchy subject just now. Besides, you wouldn't be wanting to do a thing like that to me, not with 12 million voters watching, would you now, William?
G: Twelve million voters, Mr Wogan?
W: Indeed, wasn't I saying so to Mr Disraeli only the other day? You were saying, about the fallen women . . .
G: Well, you see . . . Terry . . . it started like this . . .

NOEL PETTY

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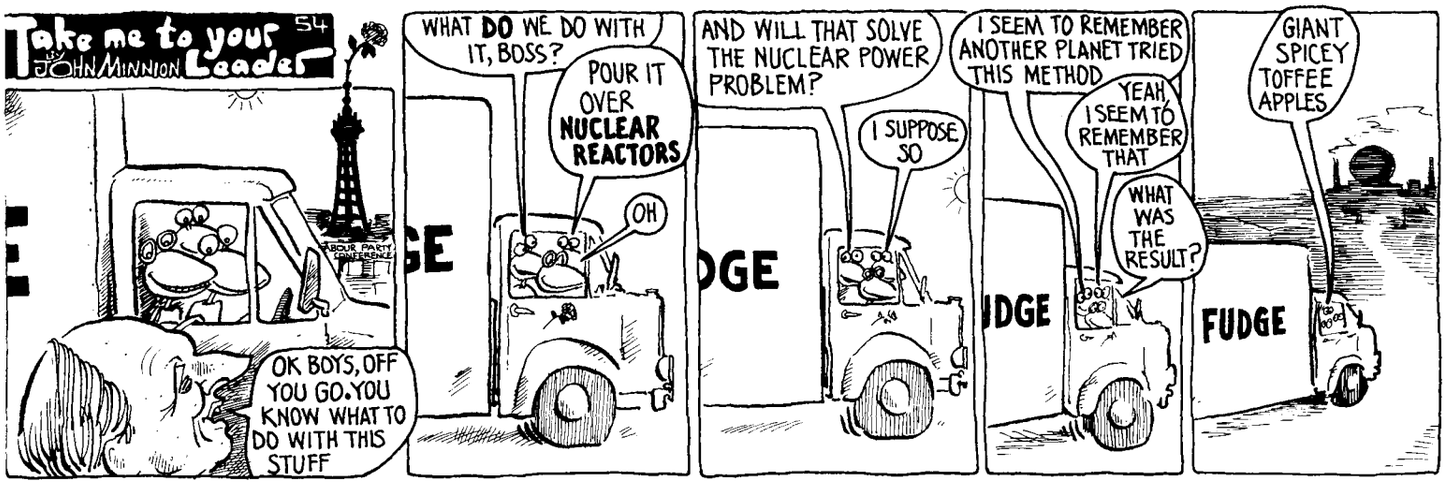

Take me to your Leader
54
by JOHN MINNION
LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE
OK BOYS, OFF YOU GO. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS STUFF
WHAT DO WE DO WITH IT, BOSS?
POUR IT OVER NUCLEAR REACTORS
OH
AND WILL THAT SOLVE THE NUCLEAR POWER PROBLEM?
I SUPPOSE SO
I SEEM TO REMEMBER ANOTHER PLANET TRIED THIS METHOD
YEAH, I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT
WHAT WAS THE RESULT?
GIANT SPICEY TOFFEE APPLES
FUDGE

Chess

IT WAS SURPRISING enough that Karpov should have recovered from his painful defeat in game 16 by winning the next two games. That he should win a third consecutive game is something that should just not be possible against a world champion.

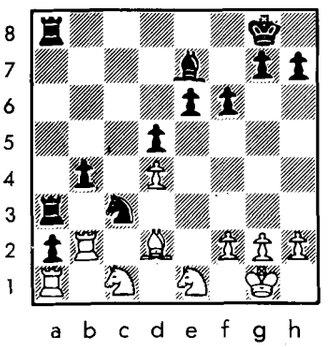
As we saw last week, Kasparov lost game 18 by pressing for a win from a position in which he could easily have forced a draw. The other two defeats have to be blamed on the Grünfeld Defence, with the champion in inextricable difficulties right from the opening. It's a pity that Kasparov's selection of the Grünfeld as his main defence, which in the earlier stages of the match seemed set to revive this active system from a barren period on the international scene, will now only serve to discredit it further.

Karpov-Kasparov, Game 19, Leningrad, 24 September.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 g6 3. Nc3 d5 4. Nf3 Bg7 5. Qb3 dxc4 6. Qxc4 0-0 7. e4 Na6 The most popular response to White's Qb3 system is the plan of 7 . . . Bg4 and 8 . . . Nfd7, introduced by Smyslov. However in game 17, after 7 . . . Bg4 8. Be3 Nfd7 9. Rd1 Nc6 10. Be2 Nb6 11. Qc5 Qd6, Karpov improved on the famous game Botvinnik-Fischer, Varna 1962 (which had continued 12. h3 Bxf3 13. gxf3 Rfd8 14. d5 Ne5 15. Nb5 Qf6 16. f4 Ned7 17. e5 Qxf4!) with 12. e5! Qxc5 13. dxc5 Nc8 14. h3! Bxf3 15. Bxf3 Bxe5 16. Bxc6 bxc6 17. Bd4!, and the dreadful posting of the Nc8 was fatal for Black. **8. Be2 c5 9. d5 e6 10. 0-0 exd5 11. exd5 Bf5 12. Bf4 Re8** The main strategic feature of the position is White's passed d-pawn. As Nimzowitsch preached, the way to fight against a passed pawn is to blockade it, to which end one might consider 12 . . . Ne8. In that case too, however, White has 13. Nb5! Bxb2 14. Rad1 with strong pressure. **13. Rad1 Ne4 14. Nb5!** The key move, frustrating Black's attempts to blockade on d6 and shutting the Na6 out of play. **Qf6 15. Bd3 Nb4?!** An exchange sacrifice that looks reasonable, but fails because of a number of subtle tactical points. 15 . . . Qxb2 needs to be investigated: e.g. 16. Rb1 Qf6 17. Rbe1 g5!? or 16. g4 Bxg4 17. Bxe4 Rxe4 18. Qxe4 Qxb5. **16. Nc7 Nxd3 17. Nxe8 Rxe8 18. Qxd3 Qxb2** 18 . . . Ng3/Nxf2 both fail to 19. Qb5. **19. Rde1 Qb4 20. Nd2 Qa4 21. Qc4 Qxc4 22. Nxc4 Bc3 23. Nd2 Bxd2 24. Bxd2 Bd7 25. Bf4! Bb5 26. f3 g5** The kernel of Karpov's combination is 26 . . . Bxf1 27. Kxf1 Nf6 28. Rxe8+ Nxe8 29. Be5! and the d-pawn runs through. **27. Bxg5! Bxf1** The d-pawn again shows its strength by controlling e6 in the variation 27 . . . Nxg5 28. Rxe8+ Bxe8 29. h4. **28. Kxf1 Nd6 29. Be7 Nc8 30. Bxc5** With a sound extra pawn and the better minor piece. **Rd8 31. Re5 f6 32. Rf5 b6 33. Bd4 Ne7 34. Bxf6 Rxd5 35. Rg5+ Rxg5 36. Bxg5 Nc6 37. Ke2 Kf7 38. Kd3 Ke6 39. Kc4 Ne5+ 40. Kd4 Nc6+ 41. Kc4 1-0.** Karpov's 41st was sealed, but Kasparov resigned during the adjournment.

The summer season of British Elo-rating tournaments ended with the 3rd *Nat West Young Masters* (30 August-7 September), an event that might more memorably be dubbed the *Nat West Middle-Aged Potential Master* in honour of the long overdue first IM norm achieved by Andrew Whiteley, now in his fortieth year to heaven.

Andrew didn't win the tournament, but he was at least as happy about his result as 17 year-old-David Norwood, who did share first place. It puts Whiteley's chronic under-achievement in perspective when you realise that he was already playing for England, and had finished in the top three in the British Championship, before Norwood was born. Yet Norwood is the one who is already an International Master. For David, with his sights set on much higher things, a shared first in the Nat West was just a consolation prize at the end of a disappointing summer.

Erik Pedersen of Denmark, who shared the top spot with him, also made an IM norm, in his case that welcome one that gives the title. The Dane's success rounded off a series of Viking raids on the British circuit, following victories for Hjartarson of Iceland in the Commonwealth Open and for Agdestein of Norway in the Lloyds Bank Masters. Going into the last round of the Nat West, Norwood, Pedersen, Whiteley and Hebden were joint leaders on 5½/8. Whilst Norwood was beating Hebden, Pedersen (*Black, to move*) had to make the most of his passed pawns in this position against Ian Thomas. How would you play?



Solution

Pedersen found **26 . . . Nd1! 27. Rbxa2** if 27. Rb3 Rxb3 28. Nxb3 Ra3 29. Rxd1 Rxb3 30. Ra1 Rb2 wins. **Rxa2 28. Rxa2 Rxa2 29. Nxa2 b3 30. Nc3 Nxc3 31. Bxc3** and now settled the game with the crushing blow **31 . . . Bb4!**

George Botterill

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This England

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☐ She whipped out of her handbag a needle and thread and said: 'Give me your shirt, and I'll fix it for you.' In a trice the shirt was stripped off. The Prime Minister threaded her needle and sewed on the button for him. Says a regular Downing Street visitor: 'This is absolutely typical. People never see the practical and very caring side of her nature.' — *Sunday Express* (George Moor)

☐ He added: 'I know people do it and I would never pass judgment. I never inquired into personal lives of couples getting married — it wasn't my concern. After all, brides might choose not to get married in white because they are economising.' — *Christchurch Advertiser* (B. Rubinstein)

☐ There is nothing eccentric about Prince Charles talking to his flowers. I have a peach tree which has not been doing well; last year my wife and I were discussing whether, if it did not improve, we would cut it down. This year it has produced quite a good crop. What is one to think? — Letter in *Daily Telegraph* (H. Woodward)

☐ How footprints came to appear on the ceiling of the new Bournemouth Police Station at the time it was opened by the Home Secretary was described by Miss J. le Pledge in a talk on her experiences as a police officer, given to members of the West Parley WI. — *Avon Advertiser* (B. Rubinstein)

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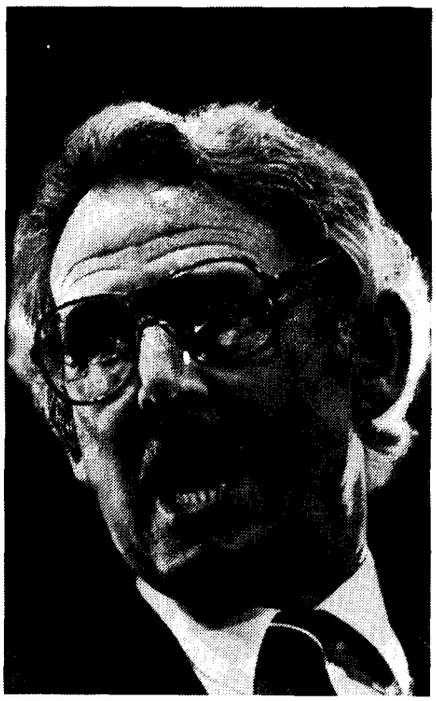
THESE PEOPLE ARE BEHIND THE PLAN FOR A SMALLER WAGE PACKET.



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